

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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OUR ADVANCE UPON YORKTOWN.

The Topography—Yorktown.

THIS famous town, which has twice been the theatre of great events in American history (let us hope the present will be equally glorious with the past), is a port of entry on the York river, about 12 miles from its mouth, nearly 18 miles from Fortress Monroe and the same distance from Newport News. Its distance from Richmond is 55 miles in a direct line, or 68 miles by the road through Williamsburg, etc. It was first settled in 1705, and was named after the Duke of York. In 1781 it was the scene of Lord Cornwallis's surrender to Washington. It had latterly dwindled into such insignificance, that in 1854 only two vessels were built there, the united tonnage of which were only 500 tons, the aggregate tonnage of the place being about 5,800 tons.

York county is situated in the south-eastern part of the State, at the entrance of the York river into Chesapeake Bay, which, together, form its north-eastern boundary. The area of the county is about 70 square miles, and the surface is nearly level, much of the soil being very fertile. Large quantities of oysters have been taken in York river, and previous to the Rebellion the oyster fisheries were the source of a large trade with the Northern States. The last return gave the population of the county at 4,460, of whom nearly one-half were slaves.

York River.

This river, which is destined, doubtless, to be the theatre of exciting events, is formed by the Union of the Pamunkey and Mattaponi rivers, at the south-eastern extremity of King William county. After flowing in a south-easterly direction, the river falls into Chesapeake Bay, nearly opposite Cape Charles. The river is so broad, through its whole course, as to present rather the appearance of a bay than that



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—A NIGHT PICKET OF A DETACHMENT FROM GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE IN BOATS, NEAR DAWTUSKIE ISLAND, OPPOSITE SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 3



THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—GENERAL HEINTZELMAN'S DIVISION PROCEEDING DOWN THE POTOMAC IN STEAMERS, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 22D MARCH, ON THEIR WAY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO FORTRESS MONROE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION, R. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

Federalists have produced the largest, and, according to Dr. Russell, the finest army in the world; that the Government pays its way; that comparatively there is no distress; that there is no discontent; that there are no mobs; that the people act as one man in support of the Government; and that the Government is acting strictly in obedience to the Constitution; that the lesson taught to Europe is a most important and a most valuable one—first that an efficient army can be improvised in a few months out of volunteers; that soldiers so improvised can fight like or better than veterans; that standing armies are therefore no longer necessary with nations enjoying constitutional governments; that volunteers are armies when wanted; that next the fight between the Merrimack and the Monitor demonstrated that naval warfare as hitherto conducted must now cease; that wooden men-of-war should either be cut up or converted into merchant ships; that iron-clad steamers henceforth will rule the ocean; that very few of these will be required, and that of course, our navy estimates, after the few are built, will gratify even Mr. Bright; that these are great and glorious discoveries, that they hand over civilization to the protection of science; that wars will be few, because without uninterrupted trade nations cannot resist immediate misery; that all civilized peoples have now clearly one interest; that not one of them can drop out of the market without entailing on all others the evils of bad trade; that the Americans have secured for themselves an eternal exemption from external wars; that all other nations will let them alone, because a conflict with them would be ruinous; that the Yankees, by this war, have made themselves masters of the position; that their produce is essential to the prosperity of the civilized world; and that, consequently, the civilized world will always keep on friendly terms with them.

Emancipation in the District of Columbia.

THE President having signed the bill abolishing Slavery in the District of Columbia, communicated the fact to Congress in the following Message:

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

The act entitled "an act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia," has this day been approved and signed.

I have never doubted the constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this district, and I have ever desired to see the National Capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. If there be matters within and about this act which might have taken a course or shape more satisfactory to my judgment, I do not attempt to specify them. I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act.

In the matter of compensation it is provided that claims may be presented within 90 days from the passage of the act, but not thereafter, and there is no saving for minors, *femes covert*, insane or absent persons. I presume this is an omission by mere oversight, and I recommend that it be supplied by an amendatory or supplemental act.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Washington, April 16, 1862.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati Times tells us that Gen. Grant was advised of the intended attack of Johnston and Beauregard, several days before it took place, but "took no extra precautions in consequence." We beg to commend to him, and through him to all of the fledgling Napoleons of our army, the following maxim from Marshal Marmont's "Essential Principles of the Art of War":

"When we are at a distance from an enemy, who is strong enough to offer a battle, and are marching toward him, we should occupy, by advanced guards and light troops, at least the space of a day's march distance around us, so as to be informed of his movements, and to modify our own in consequence."

MR. PIERCE BUTLER, of Philadelphia, who was last summer arrested and confined for five weeks in Fort Lafayette, under order of Mr. Cameron, then Secretary of War, has in turn arrested Mr. Cameron for "trespass *vi et armis*, assault and battery and false imprisonment." The writ is returnable on the 2d of May; but it is hoped that Mr. Butler will permit Mr. Cameron to leave before that time. He is neither useful nor ornamental, and if, when he gets to Russia, he will stay there, he will do the best thing of his life.

SWILL MILK.—The Senate bill to prevent the Adulteration of Milk and the traffic in Swill Milk has finally passed the Assembly, by a vote of 76 to 13. We present the names of those who voted against it, so that the people will know and remember them whenever they venture to come up again for office:

NAYS—Messrs. Bookstaver, Childs, Darcy, Doyle, Fletcher, Hall, Jones, Leamy, Maddox, Murphy, Olvany, Purdy, and Saxe—13.

CRINOLINE.—Crinoline seems to be doomed. A formal meeting of ladies was lately held in London, where it was tried and condemned, as "ungraceful, annoying and dangerous." Originally invented to hide an individual and temporary deformity, it now insists on obliterating everywhere the distinctions of shape. It has shown itself proof against the general ridicule and resentment, and against personal inconvenience and peril. It has become the chief nuisance of all streets, staircases and public halls. It is always in the way—dirty and aggressive.

RETURNS from ten counties in Western Virginia show a vote of 5,293 for "Free State," and 410 against. Western Virginia, if admitted at all, will be admitted as a free State.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE new iron-clad steamer Galena is finished, and now receiving her armament. She will be heard from soon, and as she draws but 12 feet of water, it may be in places where she is least expected, and where her presence is least desired.

THE National Academy of Design this year holds its exhibition at the Art Institute of Mr. Derby, in Broadway.

IT is stated by members of Congress from Illinois that cotton will be very extensively planted in that State this season. The experiment has been begun by the Illinois Central Railroad Company preparing 2,000 acres for this purpose. Other landowners are making arrangements to plant large quantities of Kentucky cotton seed.

A RESOLUTION has passed the Wisconsin Assembly, tending to the President of the United States an unqualified approval of his course, from the day of his inauguration to the present time. There was but one vote against it.

SENATOR POMEROY has introduced a bill organizing the Territory of Louisiana, to be formed out of Indian Territory south of Kansas and west of Missouri and Arkansas. The bill contains ample provisions for treaties with the Indian tribes now in occupancy.

THE President has nominated ex-Mayor James G. Berrett (Dem.) of Washington; Hon. Samuel F. Vinton (Dem.) of Ohio, and Daniel R. Goodloe (Rep.) of Washington, Commissioners under the act for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., now held by Federal troops, is the home of L. P. Walker, late rebel Secretary of War, who predicted, on the fall of Sumter, that the rebel flag would wave over Fannell Hall. Instead, the Stars and Stripes float in triumph over his own town.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

THE Richmond correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent writes as follows of the manner of "dying in the last ditch" practiced by the "chivalry" of that city. The dying, it will be seen, is to be by proxy, if at all:

"Our chief article of commerce now-a-days is a commodity known in the market as 'substitutes.' The article has risen from \$100 to \$200, again to \$500, and from that to \$1,000 and \$1,500. The cheapest kind now offering commands \$500 readily. A wretch, named Hill, has been making enormous sums, as much as from \$5,000 to \$5,000 a day, by plunging substitutes, some of whom are the very scum of the earth, while others are poverty-stricken Marylanders of high social position at home, and men of real moral worth. The fact is, this business of buying and selling substitutes is abominable all around. The men who come here from the country to buy them are run mad until they get them—they are absolutely crazy with fear lest they should fail to obtain them—and seem willing to spend their last dollar in the effort."

THE Memphis Appeal, of March 29th, tells us how troops are raised in the rebel States. It says: "The county judge has appointed an agent for each ward in the city and each district in the county,

to ascertain the names of every able-bodied white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five years resident therein, for militia purposes. These agents are not at liberty to refuse their appointments, but are required by law to discharge their duties immediately, under penalty of a fine of \$500 and one year's imprisonment. We learn that they commence their duties in this city this morning, and they desire especially to request keepers of boarding-houses at once to prepare lists of the names and ages of their inmates, to be in readiness when called for."

PERSONAL.

GEN. GRANT, in his official report of the Pittsburg Landing battle, estimates our loss at 1,500 killed and 3,500 wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed and left on the field is greater than ours. In wounded an estimate cannot be made, as many must have been sent to Corinth and other places.

GEO. N. SANDERS, a personage not unknown to fame (of various kinds), was recently fed by Col. Polk, on his way from Nashville to Richmond. He was, in fact, dirty as usual, and ragged withal. He professed to have been elected to the rebel Congress, but everybody may not be so well informed as to the manner of his election. Gentlemen of veracity, acquainted with the facts, say he was elected unanimously, in a parlor in Columbus, Tenn., about six persons being present and participating in the solemn exercise of franchise. To elect a member of Congress for the proud seceder of Kentucky after this fashion, may be regarded as a novel transaction.

OBITUARY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. L. WALLACE, killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, was one of the earliest of the three-year volunteer Colonels in the service. He held command of the 11th regiment of Illinois volunteers, which was organized at Camp Hardin, Pulaski county, Illinois, and joined the depot at Cairo during the early stages of the war. The regiment has made its mark on more than one occasion. It formed a portion of the reconnaissance in the rear of Columbus. It also was with the advance upon Fort Henry; but it was at Fort Donelson where, under Gen. McClelland, Acting-General W. H. L. Wallace and his command so bravely distinguished themselves—the 11th regiment having 76 killed and 380 wounded during the fight. For his gallantry on that occasion Col. Wallace was made by Congress on the 21st of March a full Brigadier-General, and with that rank went with the expedition up the Tennessee river.

Congressional Summary.

MONDAY, April 14.—In the Senate a petition 700 feet long, signed by 15,000 women, praying for the abolition of slavery, was presented by Mr. Sumner. The resolution of inquiry as to whether further legislation is necessary to enforce the article of war for preventing the recalculation of fugitive slaves within the lines of the army, was taken up, and Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, made a speech, in which he cited several cases in which the article in question had been violated. The Confiscation bill was then considered, and Mr. Harris, of New York, made a speech advocating the principle of confiscating with certain restrictions. During the proceedings Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, tendered his resignation as Chairman of the Naval Committee.

In the House, the Select Committee on Gradual Emancipation in the slaveholding States was announced by the Speaker. The Senate resolution, transferring the supervision of the Capitol Extension from the War to the Interior Department, was passed. A bill for the construction of a ship canal from the Mississippi river to Lake Michigan was reported from the Military Committee.

TUESDAY, April 15.—In the Senate, Mr. McDougall, of California, called up the resolution asking the Secretary of War for information as to the cause of the delay in the trial of Gen. Stone, and if the latter has not applied for a speedy trial. Mr. McDougall defended Gen. Stone in a lengthy speech. Mr. Wilson offered a substitute for the resolution, calling on the President for the desired information. The Naval Appropriation bill was reported back by the Conference Committee, but no action taken.

In the House, the motion to reconsider the resolution relative to Union prisoners of war was called up, and after some conversation was amended so as to request the Secretary of War to inform the House what cause, if any, has prevented the exchange of Col. Corcoran and Wilcox, and the other prisoners of war held since July last.

WEDNESDAY, April 16.—The President sent a special message to both Houses of Congress, announcing his approval of the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia. The President has appointed ex-Mayor Berrett, of Washington, Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, and Daniel R. Goodloe, formerly of North Carolina, Commissioners to determine the validity and value of the claims presented under the act of emancipation.

In the Senate, Mr. Hale withdrew his resignation of the chairmanship of the Naval Committee. Bills providing a Territorial Government for Kansas (Western Virginia), and for the enforcement of the laws of the United States, were referred. Mr. McDougall continued his remarks respecting the arrest of Gen. Stone, and opposed the adoption of the motion calling on the President for information on the subject instead of the Secretary of War. The Confiscation bill was then taken up, and Mr. Powell, of Kentucky, spoke against it.

In the House, a bill appropriating \$30,000,000 to make up deficiencies in the appropriations for the pay of the army was passed by a vote of 190 yeas to 2 nays—Messrs. Calvert and May, both of Maryland, voting in the negative. A joint resolution, requiring Treasury certificates to bear date at the time the claims are audited and settled, was introduced and referred. The bill organizing the army signal corps was passed. A resolution, reported by the Judiciary Committee, declaring that the Government should not interfere with the transmission of intelligence by telegraph, when it will not afford aid to the enemy, was adopted.

THURSDAY, April 17.—In the Senate, a joint resolution appropriating \$7,000 for the relief of the officers and privates of the Marine battalion, who lost their personal effects on the Fort Royal expedition, was passed. The resolution relative to Gen. Stone was postponed until Monday. The bill providing for a steamship line between San Francisco and Shanghai was under consideration, when the Senate went into Executive session, and subsequently adjourned.

In the House, the bills adversely reported upon by the Judiciary Committee on the subjects of Confiscation and Emancipation, were taken up, but no action was had upon them. The Pacific Railroad bill was then considered.

FRIDAY, April 18.—In the Senate a report was made from the Special Committee appointed in July last to inquire into the matter of Government property at the Pensacola and Norfolk Navy Yards, and the Harper's Ferry Armory. A bill was introduced by Mr. Harris, of New York, to increase the salaries of the Surveyors at Albany and Troy, and reduce the number of Custom officers at each place from seven to three. It was referred. A resolution calling upon the Superintendent of the Census Bureau for information relative to the slaves of the District of Columbia was passed. The bill to establish an armed mail steamship line between San Francisco and Shanghai was debated at considerable length, but no vote was taken upon it. The Confiscation bill was also considered as the special order, and Mr. Howard, of Michigan, made a speech urging its immediate passage.

In the House the bill making appropriations for certain civil expenditures, including half a million for completing the west wing of the Treasury Department, was passed. A number of private bills were acted upon, after which the House went into a Committee of the Whole on the Pacific Railroad bill. Several speeches were made, for and against the bill, when its further consideration was postponed until Monday week.

A NIGHT PICKET ADVENTURE IN BOATS NEAR DAWFUSKIE ISLAND.

DAWFUSKIE Island is situated nearly midway between Port Royal and Savannah, and is on the Atlantic coast of South Carolina, forming a sort of irregular triangle with Savannah and Beaufort, S. C.—Bluffton being equidistant between the two latter ports. Dawfuskie Island being separated by Cooper river, from the mainland, over which the rebels still occasionally roam, and only eight miles from Bluffton, still in possession of the rebels, every movement is made with extreme caution, and to prevent a surprise, pickets in boats are stationed on special occasions. In order to illustrate this novelty in warfare, our enterprising and fearless Artist, Mr. Crane, accompanied one of these nocturnal watches, and has sent us the sketch which we engrave on the first page of the present volume. The night picket here represented was made by some men of Gen. Viele's brigade. The men rowed with oars muffled.

It is perhaps enough to say of Great Britain that her "Isle of Dogs" is greater than her "Isle of Man."

ART, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

In the "Familiar Lectures on Chemistry" of the celebrated Liebig, published many years since, may be found the following almost prophetic sentence: "It would certainly be esteemed one of the greatest discoveries of the age if any one could succeed in condensing coal-gas into a white dry, colorless substance, portable and capable of being placed upon a candlestick or burnt in a lamp." Such is, almost to the very letter, the paradox of the present day, colorless salmestrolite being so hard as to ring when struck like porcelain, and giving a light as brilliant as that of coal-gas, without any of the evils of ill odor and ill effect on health which attend the latter. It has been pointed out by a recent writer on this subject, that, as regards artificial illumination, the world appears to have passed through several distinct stages. First, we have the savage in the fastnesses of the forest obtaining an uncertain light from the resinous pine torch; as he progresses in civilization, the fat of animals slaughtered in the chase replaces this rude light, while in the memory of many of us the same necessity has been supplied by the fleets of whalers which scoured the seas in search of their oil-yielding monsters. After a time we turn to the palms of Africa and the coco-palms of India for a new supply of similar material; and now, as if to complete the cycle, we sink into the soil, and distill from the decayed vegetation of past ages the limpid oils and translucent fats which will alone, in all probability, furnish us with light for many years to come.

PROF. CAIRNES, of Queen's College, Galway, Ireland, has in the press a work on "The Slave Power: its Character, Career and Probable Designs," being an attempt to explain the real issues involved in the American contest.

CHARLES DICKENS has been invited to deliver a course of lectures in Australia, for which he is offered the sum of \$30,000, or \$25,000 and his expenses.

MR. and MRS. CHARLES KEAN, it is said, are arranging for a farewell visit to America.

AMONG the recent French publications, we notice the "Histoire Physique, etc., du Paraguay et d'Establissements des Jésuites," by the Abbé A. Demersay.

SOME EPITAPHS.

ON FOOTE THE COMEDIAN.

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled;
Death took him off who took off all the world.

ON A BOASTING CAPTAIN.

Tread softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones,
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believed by any.
Posterity, let this suffice;
He swore all's true, and here he lies.

ON WILLIAM BUTTON.

O sun, moon, stars and ye celestial poles!
Are graves then dwindled into button-holes?

ON THE EMINENT BARRISTER, SIR JOHN STRANGE.

Here lies an honest lawyer—tho' 'tis strange.

ON A VIXEN.

This stone was raised by Sarah's lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,
For they're well known to all the town—
But it was raised to keep her down.

ON BUTLER, AUTHOR OF HUDDIBRAS.

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

ON AN ITALIAN CARDINAL.

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought
Both good and evil in his time;
The good he did was good for naught;
Not so the evil—that was prime.

CORNWALL EPITAPH.

ther and mother and I
Lie buried here asunder;
ather and mother lie buried here
And I lie buried yonder.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

THE Confederate troops on the battle-field consist pretty much of flying artillery, flying cavalry and flying infantry.

'Tis no wonder that our troops fought bravely at Winchester—they had Shields before them.

THE Southern rebels who complain of such a scarcity of salt, will find enough of it when they are driven into the Gulf.

THE Richmond rebels are sending away their whiskey and tobacco. Of course they will follow soon.

THE Winchester Virginian puts forth a mysterious boast that the Southern Confederacy will soon "make a grand haul." We guess it will be by hauling down her flag and hauling in her horns.

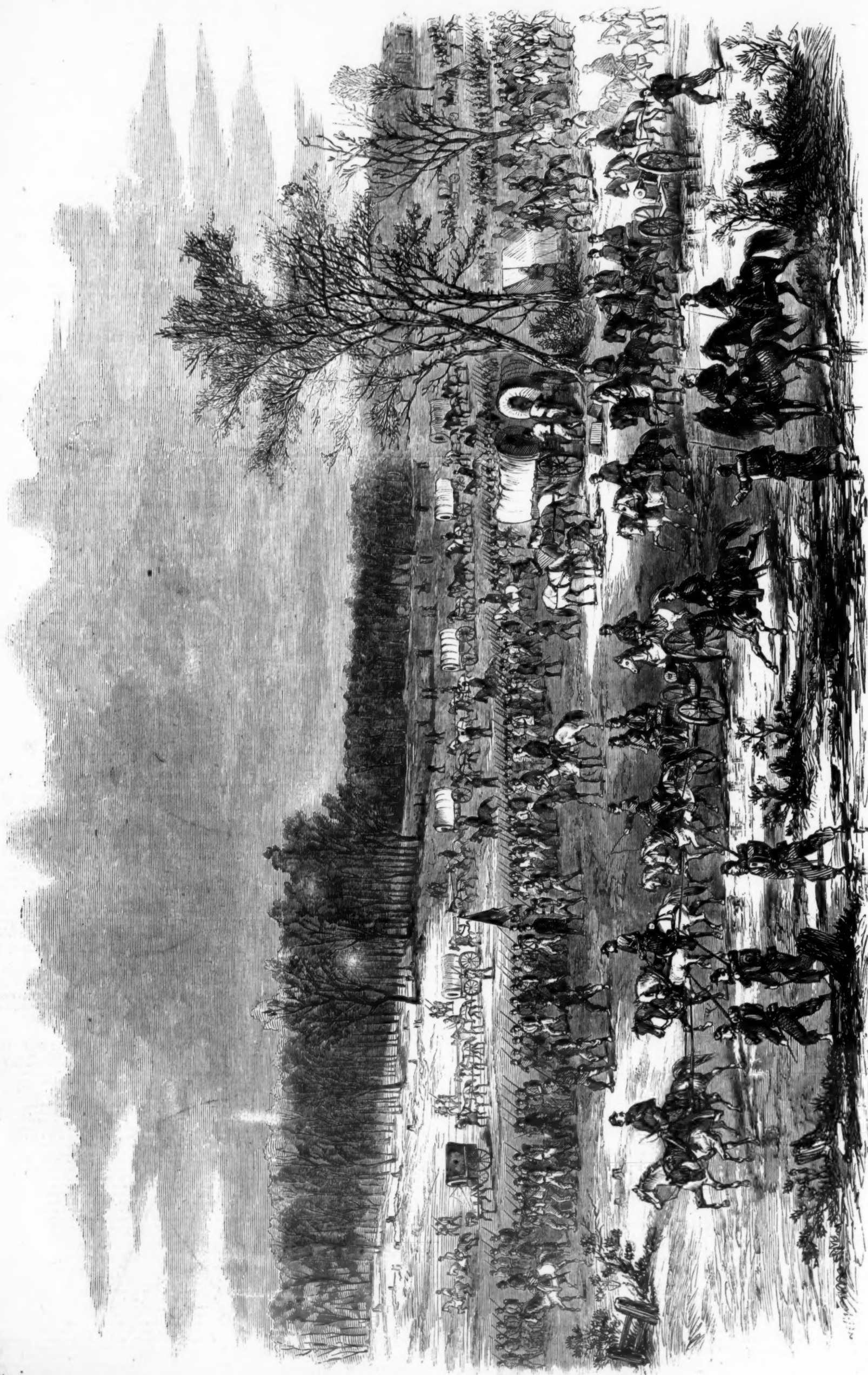
WE cut the following item from a Philadelphia paper: "Confederate notes of the denominations of \$5 and \$10 for sale at Upham's, No. 403 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Ten \$5 and ten \$10 Confederate notes sent postpaid to any address on receipt of \$1. Trade supplied at \$2 per 100, or \$15 per 1,000. Send your orders at once."

THE rebels were driven away from Island No. 10 by Foote's balls.

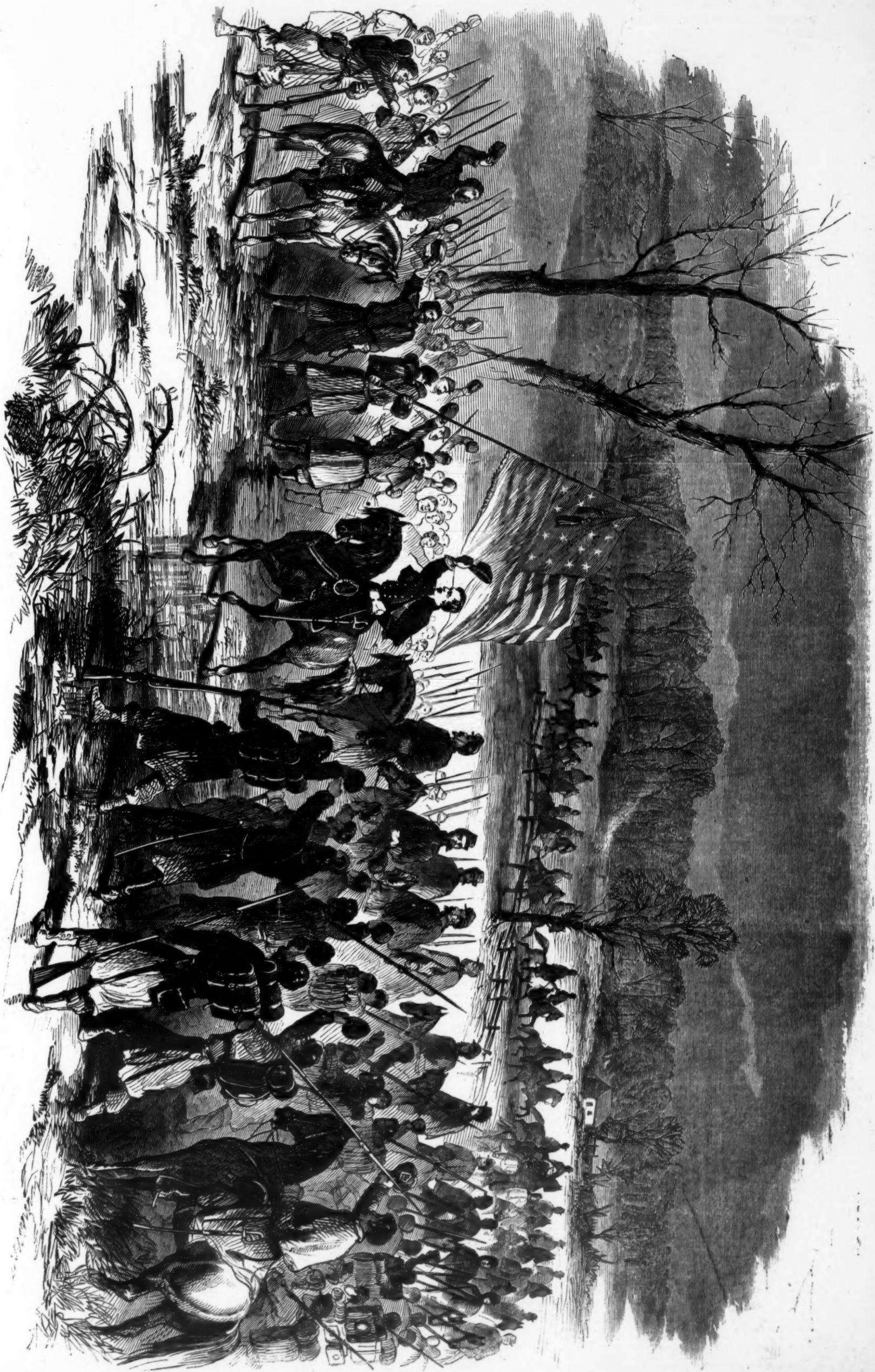
It is now springtime, but "the voice of the turtle" is not "heard in our land"—at any rate not that of Hollins's turtle.

THE salt famine in the Southern Confederacy is dreadful. Lot's wife would bring 75 cents a pound there. Her little finger or little toe would be deemed a seasonable prize.

PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.—I saw to-day, for the first time, a prairie-dog village. The little beast, hardly as large as a guinea-pig, belongs to the family of squirrels and the group of marmots; in point of manner it somewhat resembles the monkey. "Wish-ton-wish," an Indian onomatopoeism, was at home, sitting, posted like a sentinel, upon the roof, and sunning himself in the mid-day glow. It is not easy to shoot him; he is out of doors all day, but, timid and alert, at the least suspicion of danger, he plunges, with a jerking of the tail and a somersault, quicker than a shy young rabbit, into the nearest hole, peeping from the ground and keeping up a feeble little cry (wish! ton! wish!) more like the note of a bird than a bark. If not killed outright, he will manage to wriggle into his home. The villages are generally on the brow of a hill, near a creek or pond, thus securing water without danger of drowning. The earth burrowed out while making the habitations is thrown up in heaps, which serve as sitting-places in the wet season, and give a look-out upon the adjacent country; it is more dangerous to ride over them than to charge a field of East Indian "Thurs," and many a broken leg and collar-bone have been the result. The holes, which descend in a spiral form, must be deep, and they are connected by long galleries, with sharp angles, ascents and descents, to puzzle the pursuer. Lieut. Pike had 140 kettles of water poured into one without dislodging the occupant. The village is always cleared of grass, probably by the necessities of the tenants, who, though they enjoy insects, are mainly granivorous, and rarely venture half a mile from home. The limits are sometimes three miles square, and the population must be dense, as a burrow will occur every few paces. The *Cynomys ludovicianus* presents a deeper cell, in which it hibernates till spring appears. It is a graceful little animal, dark brown above and white below, with teeth and nails, head and tail, somewhat like the gray *Sciurus* of the States. The Indians and trappers eat this American marmot, declaring its flesh to be fatter and better than that of the squirrel. Some travellers advise exposing the meat for a night or two to the frost, by which means the rankness of subterranean flavor is corrected. It is undoubtedly that the rattlesnake, both of the yellow and black species, and the small, white burrowing owl are often found in the same warren with this rodent, a curious happy family of reptile, bird and beast, and in some places he has been seen to associate with tortoises, rattlesnakes and horned frogs. According to some naturalists, however, the fraternal harmony is not so perfect as it might be—the owl is accused of occasionally gratifying his carnivorous instincts by laying open the skull of wish-ton-wish with a smart stroke of the beak.—Burton's "City of the Saints."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE OF THE UNION ARMY, UNDER GENERAL MCCLELLAN, TOWARDS YORKTOWN—SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN BIG BETHEL AND YORK TOWN, APRIL 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST E. S. HALL.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN, 6TH OF APRIL, 1862, TO TAKE PERSONAL COMMAND OF THE UNION ARMY IN ITS ADVANCE ON YORKTOWN—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY THE TROOPS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

MOUNTAIN PICTURES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Franconia from the Pemigewasset.

ONCE more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fall,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden net-work in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,
Your unforgetten beauty interluse
My common life, your glorious shapes and hues
And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,
Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy length
From the sea-level of my lowland home!

They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain; for, where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause the wind in the place to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer.
The clouds that shattered on your slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the clashing floods
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-dipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.
So, let me hope, the battle-storm that beats
The land with hail and fire may pass away
With its spent thunders at the break of day,
Like last night's clouds, and leave as its retreats,
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind!

MY SCHOOLFELLOW'S FRIEND.

"FRANK, old boy, who's your acquaintance? I never saw a stranger specimen of humanity, nor one more queerly attired, begging his pardon."

The person addressed, Frank Royston, was one of the oldest and staunchest friends I had in the world. Our mutual regard had commenced in our school days, when we were both boys of the smallest size, and years had not weakened the tie. Men, however, who have to shoulder their way through the world cannot always preserve their old intimacies, and so it fell out that for some years Frank and I had not met. We had encountered each other at Baden, during a pleasant summer holiday, and were heartily glad to be together again for a while, as formerly at school and college. We were tranquilly smoking our cigars in front of the "Restauration," which flanks one angle of the great Baden promenade, listening to the swelling music of the Austrian band, and watching the fashionable tide ebb and flow, when my companion suddenly started from his chair. The next moment I saw him to my surprise, shaking hands with a tall, odd-looking man, whose shabby clothes and slovenly air contrasted singularly with the well-dressed multitude of idlers that sauntered over the bright gravel. The man himself was a remarkable looking person, with a bushy beard streaked with gray, and grizzled hair hanging in profusion from under the rim of his battered hat. He had a sunburnt, furrowed face, with melancholy dark eyes, that seemed to belong neither to a young man nor an old one, but to one prematurely aged; he stooped much, but must have been a fine athletic figure once upon a time. Such as he was, he seemed glad to see Frank, grasped his hand with a sort of eager clutch, but almost immediately dropped it, exchanged but a very few words with my schoolfellow, and abruptly took leave of him and hurried away. I watched him as he hastened with a quick stride through the lounging crowd of pleasure-seeking Russians, English, French and Germans, who turned to stare at the rough intruder who brushed so unceremoniously through their ranks. Then the queer figure disappeared under the boughs of the perfumed lindens, and was seen no more. It had been like a blot upon the scene, in the midst of all those laces and silks, those fringed scarfs, flowing burnouses and fluttering feathers. But it was gone now. Frank came back to his seat, walking with a slow step and a thoughtful brow, and holding his extinguished cigar between his fingers.

"Frank, old boy, who is your acquaintance?"
Frank gave a little sigh.
"Oh, he poor fellow, his name is Wilson. Jack, have you got another weed? This isn't worth relighting."
And my companion selected another delicate Havana from the case I handed him, and very deliberately proceeded to ignite it.
"Wilson," said I, "not a very uncommon name that. Is he one of the Carberry Wilsons?"
"Why, no," answered Frank, giving a preliminary puff at the fresh cigar.
"Then where on earth could you have picked him up?" said I, persistently; "I daresay it was among the archaeologists; he must be a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, to judge by the venerable age of his coat."
"Don't hit a chap when he's down," said Frank, quite energetically; "if you knew that poor fellow's story, by Jove you would not laugh at him."
I was duly penitent, but rather inquisitive, and after a very little pressing I induced Frank, who is the kindest fellow alive, to tell me the following story.

You remember, I daresay, that I returned from South America three years ago, after spending two years in the country, and traversing miles enough to qualify me twice over for a member of the Travellers'. A mere tourist is a rarity in that uncomfortable continent, and my object in going so far was in some measure connected with business with those wretched Bolivian silver mines that my old grandfather sunk his money in at an age when he certainly should have known better. I didn't get much out of the mines, as you may guess, when I tell you that some of them contained 100 fathoms of water, to pump out which would ruin Rothschild. But I got what was better, a store of new sensations and curious sights, and as I was lucky enough to escape yellow fever and knife thrusts, I shall always look back with pleasure to my South American campaign.

Well, to bring my yarn to a point, I will begin from the day when I rode up to Mr. Wilson's door one sultry evening in the short tropic twilight. I had been travelling on horseback across the plains of Colombia, accompanied only by a copper-skinned Creole fellow, who went with me half over the continent, who boiled my camp-kettle, saddled my horse and his own mule, waited on me in every and any fashion, and would, I believe, have stabbed me if I had called him a servant. He called himself a guide, and was really a good fellow for one of those peppery half-breeds. The sun was going down with a dip and a plunge, and the snow-tipped crests of the Andes were all blushing with rose-colored light, when we caught the first glimpse of Wilson's hacienda. It was a pretty house of white stone, with porches and verandahs, and a flat morisco roof, and in front of it a green lawn, with fountain and flower garden. Close by were the numerous huts where the farm laborers and herdsmen lived; these were built of light wood and thatched with cane. All the huts, as well as the stables, barns and outbuildings, were surrounded by a strong stockade, which also ran round the master's house, for fear of Indian attacks. Beyond was the huge corral, in which the cattle were penned, and where the horses were driven for security from wild beasts and savages. This corral was divided into four compartments, and was fenced in by a stout timber palisade. Everything was very neat and tasteful, and much more orderly than would have been the case had the farm belonged to a Spaniard; the house was shaded by great trees, and half smothered in roses and magnolias, and the sloping bank or hill that swelled up beyond it was covered with flowering shrubs. It was a charming home altogether.

Wilson, the owner, was a great cattle farmer. We had been passing for a long time through his herds of oxen, luxuriously browsing on

the ocean of grass which the broad plains presented to the eastward. To the west, as I said before, lay the Andes, towering up into the very sky, and at a great distance I could see the gilt weathercock of the church of San Juan de los Llanos, a little town ten miles off. There was no other town near, and to the eastward the plains rolled away unbroken, towards the remote Atlantic. I had heard from some muleteers that I should find an English settler hereabouts, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of conversing again with a fellow-countryman. So I rode up to the house, through the open gate of the stockade, and presented myself as a guest, after the free and easy fashion of the wilderness. I need hardly say that there are no inns in the country, except in seaports, but I never found the poorest herdsmen unwilling to set before me his parched corn and jerked beef, and to set aside for my use the snug corner of his grass-thatched hovel. But whereas I had reckoned on nothing better at Wilson's hacienda than the rough and ready hospitality of a bachelor, I met with an agreeable surprise. Two English ladies, both young and pretty, came out into the porch to greet the stranger. They were the emigrant's wife and sister, and with them came two playful children, the loveliest little fairies I ever saw. As for the owner of the house himself, I never saw a finer or more manly young man, nor one that I was prouder to hail as a countryman. You must not judge from the wreck he is now. He has suffered cruelly and all the more, I suspect, from the depth and energy of his nature.

Just be patient a moment, Jack, as memory gives me a glimpse of that sweet picture I have tried to sketch in my clumsy way—the porch with its white pillars all matted with roses and creepers, the two fair Englishwomen—girls still, though one was a wife and mother—the bronzed, erect settler, and those tiny rosebuds of children with their blue eyes and golden hair, exotics in such a climate. Well, it is a good thing that there is a thick veil between our eyes and the future. The last time I saw that group—but no hurry—I shall tell you all about it simply as it happened. I was received with the most genuine kindness. If I had been a dear old friend or a blood relation, the Wilsons could not have given me a heartier welcome. In those distant, half-savage lands, where the sound of a tongue whose accents are those of home has a magic charm over the feelings, every wanderer of the same country appears to be a kinsman somehow. I was pleased with the Wilsons; they, on their part, were glad to harbor me. It was quite a delicious sensation that which I experienced on exchanging the rude life of bivouacs and wigwags for the comforts and elegant neatness of their house, not that I am much of a Sybarite, but that there was a home-look over everything, like the smile of kind face. Plenty of smiles too.

Wilson's sister was a pretty, gentle creature, and perhaps it was as well that I had left my heart behind me in England, or when the blow fell it might have crushed the spirit of more than one. I was not pressed for time; indeed I had done with the mines and all belonging to them, and I had leisure to linger where I would. Thus it fell out that I, who had ridden up to the hacienda meaning to ask and accept shelter for a single night, remained for two months the guest of that kindly household, who would not part with their visitor lightly. The time did not hang heavy on our hands. We were up at dawn, the most enjoyable time in that latitude, and had a thousand things to do until the blazing sun drove us in. Then a cool siesta in rooms darkened by heavy jalousies, and presently it would be evening, with the glow-worms sparkling over the grass like diamonds, or fireflies flashing like so many winged lamps, and a moon and stars overhead like no moon and stars that ever shone on us here. I took a great interest in the country, and was fond of galloping about with my host, herding cattle, hunting, or exploring the prairie wherever a trace had been seen of wild Indians or prowling pumas.

Wilson was a wonderful horseman, and as for the lasso, he had learned to throw it so skillfully that he actually surpassed his instructors, the Spanish vaqueros and peons, bred as they were to the art. Indeed, the oldest veterans of the Llanos, brown or white, admitted that the English heretic was a match with the *bolos*, or the loop, for the most renowned rider in Colombia, while in battle with the savages he had given a hundred proofs of courage. He told me his story, a simple one enough. He had come out to South America, rich in nothing but bodily strength and mother wit, and had made an honorable fortune by dint of sheer work. I believe his father had been a clergyman and had died poor; but on this subject he said little. He was fond of telling of his early hardships as an emigrant, how he bought and sold, how he fought Indians and fevers until he was wealthy enough to claim as his wife the girl whom he had left in her English home, far away, waiting faithfully for him to return and fetch her to the new dwelling across the seas.

Mrs. Wilson had not had to wait very long after all, for the betrothed lover had been more fortunate than is always the case when there is a long engagement.

"But you see," said Wilson, modestly, "I was a fair judge of cattle and pastures, and so forth, and luckily I settled where I am. I may say that my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and my fortune, which consists almost wholly in live stock, has quintupled itself in six years."

So honest William Wilson had been able to go back within a reasonable time to England, to wed his wife and bring her to her transatlantic home, and with her had come his sister, for whose maintenance he had hitherto provided, even while struggling the hardest. The family were prosperous, and their prosperity was well-deserved, for they were popular with even the most jealous of that heretic-hating population amongst whom they dwelt. The men employed about the farm were of every shade of color, many of them being untutored half-breeds out of the deserts, whose earlier antecedents would not brook curious inquiry. But even among these copper-skinned Centaurs, who set a low value on human life, and had a thorough contempt for statutes, Wilson's will was law; nay, they had a sincere reverence and liking for "Doña Carlotta," as they called Mrs. Wilson, with a Spanish rendering of her Christian name, and the children were perfect idols of the whole tawny settlement. There was not a wild herdsmen there who would not cheerfully cross the Andes pass, or ride 100 miles of prairie to procure a toy or a ribbon for "Doña Lily or little Lucy." Wilson was perfectly happy and would not have changed places with a king. He laughed at my hints that, after all, Colombia was hardly a country adapted for the safe residence of delicate ladies and children.

"Safe! Why not?" he would ask. "Oh, the savages! Well, there's little to fear just at present from my old plagues, the *Indios bravos*. We haven't heard the warwhoop in real earnest since the year before I went over to be married. Now and then a few loping redskins do make a dash at the beasts, but we seldom lose more than a hoof or two of them."

I said something about the danger of over-security, adding, "I don't wish to be an alarmist, Wilson, but even in my very limited experience of the Llanos, I have seen something of the horrors of Indian warfare. If I were in your place—besides a natural anxiety for the safety of wife and sister—I should never look at the golden hair of those little cherubs that are hunting the butterfly yonder without seeing, in fancy, the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage glittering over them. Near the sea, now—"

"Confound it, man, don't creak in that way!" cried my host, with unusual abruptness and an angry look. But he relaxed into a smile directly afterwards, and added, "I beg your pardon, Royston. I know your advice was most kind and well intended, but I cannot accept it. Why should we move? As for revolutions, they only affect the cities and highroads, and we are out of the way of pronunciamientos and military massacres. Earthquakes! There hasn't been a shake strong enough to break a wineglass since I've been in the country. Plenty of little shudders Mother Earth gives. You remember how Mary laughed the other night, when the tiny shock came as she was playing the piano and spoiled the tune? Those shocks frightened the womenkind at first, but now they care not a rush for them. So you perceive that in going eastwards we should actually run into danger, political and geological."

I was worsted, but not convinced.

"Still, health," said I, "and freedom from Indian attacks would be prizes worth a journey. Why, even at home in England, with your present means—"

I was interrupted again.

"England! Yes, I hope we shall all lay our bones there; but it will be time enough to make the start when my little girls are of an age for governesses and maids. I should like them, certainly, to be educated at home and married at home. But there's plenty of time before us. And I own I've a fondness for this country, its sports and its tropical luxuriance. It is dear to me, too—ay, and to Charlotte for my sake—because of the very privations I went through during my first years here. And as for health, we have never had

fever in the house since we came to inhabit it. The mountain breeze and the height of the plateau keep us from sickness, while in the swampy bottoms further east the very natives drop under disease."

On another occasion, when there had been a slight nocturnal alarm—a mere dash—made by a party of mounted savages at the corral, which contained not only horned beasts, but a valuable mania of horses and a string of mules, I ventured to hint to Wilson that such neighbors might some day prove an overmatch for his precautions. My entertainer was coming back from a bloodless victory and fruitless pursuit. He was half-dressed and bare-headed, mounted on a horse without a saddle, just as he started, rifle in hand, to lead half a dozen of his Spanish herdsmen against the marauders. He laughed good-humoredly at my forebodings.

"What a Cassandra you would have made, Royston!" said he, as he dropped to the ground from the back of his panting and heat-stained horse. "I haven't forgot my Virgil quite, you see. But, seriously, these affairs are child's play. The Indians have lost their old confidence. Ah! you should have seen the great raid they made upon us seven years back, before a stone of that house was reared, and when we had but a miserable timber barrack, the thatch of which they soon set on fire with their fire-tipped arrows. We had not that strong stockade, but merely a breastwork of turf and boughs, and round it swarmed 500 of the painted yelling brutes, under their grand Cacique. Ah! he was a man, that chief! The Cayquas will never get such another leader for their border forays. His son, Spotted Jaguar, who commands them now, isn't fit to stand in his shoes—though, to be sure, he never wore such superfluities."

"But how did you manage?" asked I, with genuine interest.

"Did the soldiers come to your help, or had you to fly to the town of San Juan?"

Wilson looked quite sheepish; he was one of those bold, bashful fellows who have an absolutely nervous dread of anything that could be construed into a boast. He merely said it was an old story, not worth telling, and strode off to go to bed again.

I found, however, on the next day, a more communicative narrator, in the person of José, the *saladero*, or butcher of the farm, a man who boasted himself a pure Spaniard, Castilian and "old Christian," by which he meant to disclaim the possession of any drop of Moorish or Hebrew blood. He was a tough, gray-headed old fellow, of 65, about the oldest and most experienced *Llanero* of all the settlement, although a broken limb, ill-set, had spoiled his riding for ever. Lame as he was, the old man had fought in many an Indian fray, and he had an almost exhaustless stock of stories. He was a very important member of the little commonwealth, since on the judicious use of his keen knife depended in a great measure the value of the hides exported. Every great farm has its *salada*, presided over by an expert slaughterman, who kills numbers of oxen, not for meat alone, but for the sake of the hides and tallow, which South America so largely exports, and this hero of the poleaxe is called always "*saladero*," to distinguish him from the town butcher, or "*carnero*."

I found the old man among his cherished piles of shaggy oxhides, and with very little trouble elicited the following account of the memorable foray in which the wild Indians had besieged the hacienda:

"Holy St. Jago!" he began, "that was a peril indeed—1,000 of the barbarians broke into the civilized territory, divided into two great bands, the most numerous of which was led by White Eagle, the terror of the frontiers. They came sweeping forward, burning and destroying, harming the land like a devouring fire, and leaving but blood and ashes where 28 flourishing farms had stood. At last the White Eagle beset us here. Demons! shall I ever forget the war cry with which the savages came on, fringing the horizon with a long line of plumed heads and painted bodies, and the long lances that had drunk the heartdrops of many whites! But Señor Wilson, our master—ah! what a man was he in the day of danger! The Cid could not have made a gallanter defence, I can tell you, Señor Ingles."

And then he proceeded to relate, in glowing language, the repeated and furious assaults, on horseback and on foot, the stratagems, the surprises which took place in the course of a siege that lasted three days and nights. He drew a graphic picture of the flaming arrows which set the thatch on fire; of the bloodthirsty yells of the savages; their frenzy at being thus baffled by a handful of men ("We were but eight guns," said José, proudly), and the cool courage and Herculean strength which Wilson had displayed in repeated hand to hand encounters. At last the famous Cacique of the Cayquas, White Eagle, had fallen by Wilson's hand, in a desperate effort to force the breastwork.

"And then they ran, Señor Ingles; the saints be with us, how they ran! They made but one bound, each man, to the back of the horse that was nearest him, and galloped away, leaving all the ground strewn with shields and bows, and plunder, and dead heathens. Santísima! the slain infidels made a mound that you may see to this day all over turf and bushes within the present stockade. And, señor, the coward citizens of San Juan never stirred a finger to help us, though they saw the fire and heard our guns. I never go into their town, since, without snapping my fingers, in token of the contempt in which I hold them."

"And do you feel safe now?" asked I.

"St. Michael! yes," answered the slayer of cattle. "We have tamed the pride of the heathens, so that they now come to pilfer, not to slay and bear off captives, as of old. We have the stone-house now, with lead over the roof, that no flaming arrows can set on fire. We have a stockade that defies the tomahawk, and a ditch that no horse can leap. Better than all, we have 18 guns, for eight we had at the great fight; and even when all the men are out at the distant huts, there are sure to be 10 herdsmen at home, counting myself. And then there is our master, Don Wilson, brave as Ray Diaz, and strong as the blessed St. Hercules."

So old José was quite comfortable as to the future.

We had some capital sport, once, hunting down two cougars that had torn some of the cattle. These creatures, which the herdsmen called "*lions*," made a fair race across the prairie for a mile and a half, and finding the horses the swifter, stood to bay, growling and showing their strong white teeth, in a little thicket of thorny shrubs. I fired, and wounded one, while Wilson shot the other dead, and then wrapping his poncho round his left arm for a buckler, advanced upon the other infuriated brute, with no weapon but his sharp and heavy knife, and dispatched it without getting a scratch. He was indeed a famous hunter; the house was full of jaguar skins and other trophies of his skill and he tried to teach me to throw a running noose over the horns of a wild bull, and to use the *bolos*, with its weighty leaden balls and tough cord. But I was a clumsy pupil in these exercises, though practice had made me a respectable rifle shot and a decent horseman.

There was plenty to do. One day I accompanied Wilson on a visit to his outposts as he called them. These were the huts built on the distant pastures, each occupied by two men, who took their turn of guard. Here the vaqueros were stationed in regular rotation, with their supply of dried slips of beef, their allowance of salt, corn, aguardiente and gunpowder. Each hut had its corral, into which the cattle could be driven on any appearance of danger, and its miniature stockade and ditch. The hardy herdsmen who were on duty had no sinecure in their month's sojourn, what with hunting up stray beasts, frightening wolves, slaughtering lame or sick oxen, and keeping up an incessant look-out against the red-skinned robbers of the wilderness. They had ample employment for themselves and their horses, when it became necessary to collect the herd in the strongly fenced corral for branding or selection. I used to marvel at their address, as they wheeled and curvetted about on their well-trained steeds, flinging the lasso with unerring aim, avoiding the sharp horns of the maddened bulls, and dragging the bellowing brutes captive to the inclosure.

To visit these huts would be the work of one long day, a day of perhaps a dozen hours in the saddle. On the next we would perhaps have a picnic in some glen among the spurs of the Andes, where the ice-cold water of the brook that ran murmuring through the flowers at our feet had been cooled by the eternal snow on the peaks above.

Don't yawn, old boy. I'm coming to more stirring topics, yes, and to a darker chapter, too. One thing more I must tell you. There came an alarm of war. The Indians were said to have assembled great clouds of armed warriors on the frontier, ready for a furious onslaught on the white colonists, and there was a rumor that the Cayquas had allied themselves with other tribes still more ferocious and hostile. To meet this storm, a muster of the *hacienderos* and villagers took place; the Government sent a detachment of troops, who refused, however, to advance into the Llanos, and preferred to garrison the hill passes. But about 200 volunteer horse, both Spaniards and half-breeds, came to encamp close to Wilson's house, and elected him as their commander. This body of fencibles

was offered by about 15 very rich Spanish proprietors, who had turned out with their servants, all well accoutred. They had guns, swords, lances and pistols, enough to exterminate a whole tribe; but what surprised me most was, that all these gentlemen wore armor. It's a fact, I assure you. They had steel helmets, gauntlets, and a shirt of chain-mail, sparkling in the sunbeams, and made of very light links. This antique-looking panoply is worn, I am told, by all Columbian Spaniards who can afford it, in their wars against the savages. The whole set outweighs but 17 pounds, and it is made in England, and chiefly by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall. The Spaniards did not get an opportunity of displaying their valor; they remained ensconced for some time, presenting a chivalrous appearance, and we had constant festivities at Wilson's hacienda, where there were generally a score of well-dressed Dons twangling the guitar or twirling their moustaches, in the hope of bewitching the ladies. But a scouting party, which Wilson pushed right up to the Indian country, on the Rio Negro, discovered that there was no threatening muster of Caymans at all; so this gallant assemblage broke up without gaining any glory.

Very soon after the rumor of war died away, I saw Wilson's face grow uncommonly grave, whereas he had been bright and cheerful at the prospect of fighting. But it seems that drought was the thing he had feared above all others; and drought, so fatal to the cattle-farmer, had begun. That is a rainless land—at least rain is very rare, so near the equator; the vapor condenses on the Andes as snow, but a shower is more of a rarity. Now the numberless rivers and streams—some fed by the melting of the mountain snows, some dependent on the heavy rains that fall in tropical regions further north and south—keep the grass of the prairie succulent and green. But, for the first time since Wilson's occupation, stream after stream began to run dry; deep pools were changed into mere shiny pits; the grass grew withered and brown. Very soon the horses, mules and cattle began to suffer, and next many of them died, or got so thin that they were obliged to be killed. Here was a calamity indeed; and daily it got worse. The emerald plains assumed a rusty and burned appearance, and water grew so scarce, that the cattle were obliged to be driven away, far off, to the banks of big rivers that would not readily run dry. Here, again, there was a new danger, for these remote pastures were exposed to the maraudings of the savages, and were full of jaguars, wolves, pumas, and other beasts of prey. To guard against these, most of the vaqueros and peons were sent with the cattle, leaving but six men, besides Wilson, myself, and my man Diego, to look after the house. Ruin now stared the settler in the face; the complaints of the increasing drought were heard far and wide; my host's temper became less genial and joyous, and he began to pass his days in moody silence. I would have taken my leave, but for very shame's sake I could not. I had shared, you see, the prosperity of these hospitable folks, and it would never do to prove a mere fair-weather guest by deserting them in misfortune. Two rifles were a welcome addition to the garrison of the farm, now that so many men were away with the herds beside the rivers.

One day, as we were sitting and smoking, after supper, in the cool verandah, silent as usual, Wilson suddenly spoke.

"I'm becoming a sulky, inhospitable bear," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Royston, not to leave me in the lurch. But I'm afraid, downright afraid, of ruin. Not for my own sake; it's for the sake of my poor little ones, Lily and Lucy, that I flinch from less as I do. I wanted them to be heiresses, you know, and to live happily and have enough, at home in England, when I'm no longer alive to care for their wants, poor pets—and now, if this lasts a month, I shall be almost a beggar."

In came a mulatto servant, Pedro by name, rolling his eyes, and showing every sign of perturbation.

"Señor Wilson," said the man, "the well is dry."

"Which well, booby?" asked his master, with a snappishness quite foreign to his habits; "and why do you stand glowering at me in that fashion?"

"Alas, noble sir, it is the old cistern well that was sunk in the time of the infidel Incas of Peru. Never has it failed before to supply us with plentiful water, cool as the snow of Andes, but now—"

"Now it has stopped. Well! I suppose the brook yields water yet, and you must fill your buckets there, and be sure you get it above the place where it is muddy with the trampling of the horses." The mulatto lingered, and wanted to say more, but Wilson abruptly dismissed him.

I had just settled my head comfortably on my pillow that night, and was dropping off into a doze, when I was disturbed by the entrance, on tip-toe, of my follower, Diego, with a candle in his hand, and an expression of mysterious importance in his shrewd brown face.

"Señor Inglese," said he, "one word. To-morrow morning permit me to saddle your honor's horse and my mule, and let us take our leave. Caramba! it will be high time."

I asked him what he meant.

"Diego does not like the drying up of that well, Señor. It is a portent. It means no good. Old José, who is the most knowing of all the vaqueros, says it never happened before, never but in 1827, when the great earthquake was."

"The deuce!" exclaimed I. "You don't surely mean to say it is a sign of a coming earthquake. Pahaw, man, Mr. Wilson assures me they are never worse hereabouts than those trifling shocks we have felt ourselves, mere fleebites."

Diego shook his head. He observed that Mr. Wilson was a foreigner, that the English were as obstinate as pigs, no offence to present company, that old José had seen the great convulsion of 1827, and that then, and then alone, had the "well of the Incas" run dry. Diego split his night's repose, but when I spoke to Wilson in the morning, he had a hearty laugh at my follower's prognostications.

"Nonsense," said he; "the natives of this country are always haunted by fears of earthquakes and savages, and if I had listened to them I should have passed a delightful existence. I wish I could guarantee the cattle from thieves, fourfooted and biped, as easily as I can insure you against being swallowed up alive. Nevertheless, if you have any apprehensions—"

I assured him I had none. That day and the next were awfully sultry and oppressive; not a breath of cool air from the Andes. The weight and stillness of the atmosphere were depressing to the spirits. The very hum of the buzzing insects had something melancholy in it. The children, usually so gay, lost all their buoyancy of spirit, and ceased to make the house ring with their merry laughter. We were all dull and stupid, and the servants went about with most hangdog faces, while Diego looked reproachful and José didactic. On the second evening, little Lily Wilson, the eldest child, came running to call papa and mamma, Mr. Royston, aunt Mary, everybody, to look at the beautiful fire in the sky. Out we went, and sure enough there was a fantastic belt of fire visible in the western sky, over the white tops of the heavy Andes. Now it seemed to cling to the mountains like a burning ghoul, now to soar above them and flutter like a pennon, and now to glide like a tremulous pillar of light between earth and heaven. The children clapped their little hands with delight.

"A meteor, no doubt," said Wilson; "and finer than any I ever saw before. I never did see one in this latitude. I wonder if it has a special meaning."

His wife hung trembling on his arm, and whispered something in his ear. He laughed—with rather a forced merriment, I thought—and bade her dismiss idle fears. Just then up came Old José, clanking in the great vaquero boots he always wore, though his lameness prevented his riding. The old fellow was pale, but resolute.

"Master, I leave you."

"Leave me! You, José?" Wilson spoke in profound surprise.

"Señor patron, I have eaten your bread a long time, but life is dearer than bread. I would not have turned my back in battle, Señor, as you know. But there is a worse foe than the black-eyed Indian; a foe that even you, brave Englishman, cannot match. And from that enemy I flee at daydawn, master, across the mountains, where a crible like myself must tramp his way on foot. I have broken my engagement, and here," chinking down a bag of silver, "are the duros I owe you."

"I never thought," said Wilson, passionately clenching his fist, and drumming on the ground with his heavy foot, "that you, old José, would have abandoned me in this cursed cowardly way."

The swarthy cheek of the old Spaniard reddened.

"Cowardly!" said he. "Señor, take back the word. Old José does not merit to be thus addressed. He fought by your side when the spears were thick as grassblades by the river; he leaves you now that Heaven has blinded you. Señor!" he raised his voice, "in 1827 perished in this valley my whole kith and kin, father and mother, sister and brother—here, where I stand, they died all, and I

escaped by the passing of the Madonna alone. And then, two days before the earth gaped for human lives, there glared a fiery flag in the sky, as to-night. 'Tis a warning. Heretics may mock if they will. It is a warning to Christian men."

He turned on his heel, cast a sad look at his employer, at the ladies, and especially at the golden-haired children he had so often dandled on his knee, hobbled out, and was gone. An hour after, while Wilson was chafing and striding about the room like a caged lion, the whole of the servants, all save two impassive Indians of the full blood, came to give warning. We had a sad evening. But, ere I had finished undressing, Mrs. Wilson tapped at my door, and told me with irrepressible joy that she had persuaded her husband to take the whole family, as soon as possible, across the mountains to the comparatively safe country on the Pacific seaboard. There they could remain until the danger was past, or the signs had proved futile.

"Isn't it kind of William, anxious as he is about the cattle away on the Negro?" said the pretty young matron, as she tripped away down the corridor. "Of course, Mr. Royston, you go with us? And my dear little ones! We shall sleep in peace."

I had ugly dreams that night. Dreams of anacondas and nameless man-devouring monsters that glared at me with eyes as inscrutable as those of the Egyptian Sphinx. I woke feverish and languid. Wilson, to my surprise, seemed quite ashamed of his own complacence with the wishes of his wife.

"Going to the sea, like a parcel of poltroons," said he, "and all because of a set of stories any old woman might be ashamed of! Strange, too, to see that José so unmanned; I saw the old rogue with three strapping Indians on him at once, and he fled them boldly; and branded two with his axe before I relieved him of the third. Well! women rule us all. So I've sent off one of the men to San Juan town, to see about litters and pack mules, and we'll start to-morrow. You go with us, Royston, I hope? We'll have some shots at the rascals west of the pass."

So it was settled that next day, when the equipages were ready, we should go, and the house should be shut up and left to take its chance of Indian assault. That was a dreadfully hot, still day—the air as heavy as lead. Everybody was gloomy, in spite of repeated efforts to be cheerful. And yet when the hour for the siesta came, nobly, not even the children, seemed to care for sleep. All were restless and ill at ease. Suddenly Wilson exclaimed:

"Royston, come out, will you? Hang the sun! I can't lick my heels in doors any more. Let's get our nags, and have a gallop over the Llanos."

Before long we were mounted; I on my black horse from the south, Wilson on a splendid sorrel mustang, with very evident marks of the Arabian blood derived from the Spanish jennets. We had our rifles slung, and heavy Mexican knives in our belts—an indispensable precaution on these prairies. And Wilson had his lasso at his saddle-bow, as well as the bolas which he always carried.

"There's a brindled bull astray," said he, "that has puzzled the vaqueros; perhaps I shall get a sight of him, and if I get the noose over his horns I'll forgive him if he gets off again. And then there's a flock of pronghorns, you know, our American antelopes, driven in by thirst. Shy as they are, we may get a crack at them. Come along!"

And he spurred out of the corral. I followed, and we were soon cantering, side by side, over the boundless sea of grass. The brisk motion did us good and stimulated our nerves a bit, and my companion shot an antelope, and slung him behind his saddle, and we hit on the tracks of the lost bull. After a sharp gallop, we suddenly reined up. There lay the poor bull on the parched plain—dead, but still warm. It had died of thirst. A dozen ugly vultures rose screaming from the carcass. They had been pecking at the eyes and protruding tongue.

"Pah!" cried Wilson; "I hate the vulture's very name, but they are useful scavengers. Come along. Poor brute! we have come too late to save the brute."

We rode homewards. Once or twice Wilson saw some shadows, far off, against the extreme horizon, and pronounced them to be mounted Indians.

"The dogs are after no harm; most likely chasing game that is running for the rivers, mad for the want of water," said he.

At last we reined up our horses on the edge of the low hill, carpeted with blossomed shrubs, which overlooked the fair white house and sweet shady garden which formed Wilson's home.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Can you wonder," said Wilson, "that I am anxious not to leave it to the torch of the savage? What on earth are you about?"

It was not I that was doing anything remarkable. It was my horse that began to shiver, and to snort and pant, and spread his nostrils to the air, and show every sign of distress. I sprang to the ground.

"What ails the brute?" cried Wilson. "By Heaven! mine is trembling, too, in every limb."

And he, too, dismounted. The horses, dark with heat drops, with flanks quivering, limbs shaking, showed every sign of extreme terror. They pressed, whinnying, close to us, and then trembled as they could hardly stand. What was that? A groan, deep and thrilling as if it came from the agony of Nature herself—a sound as of a tortured Titan on the rock—came meaninglessly past. It deepened; it swelled into a roar. The horses were down, covering like frightened panthers. And then we felt the solid earth heave and swell like surging water beneath us, and a swift shiver made the ground reel, and we dropped to our hands and knees. The earthquake! It was come in its terrors. What was that in the valley beneath? A great fissure was gaping in the earth, like the mouth of some devouring monster, stretching, widening fast—faster—quicker than I can describe it. We saw the dark chasm yawn like huge jaws hungry for prey. Then another shock came; we were prostrate, sickened and giddy. The means of the horses at our side were the only sounds audible. Grunk! I saw the dust rise thickly where the huts of the herdsmen had fallen in. I saw the stout stockade give way like straws in a whirlwind, and the horses and the few cattle left, crouching huddled up together. But the house stood firm, with its fair white walls of heavy stone, though the trees around were snapping and breaking, the shrubs torn up, the ground bursting as if a mine had exploded. There were loud shrieks. I saw the fluttering garments of women, the fairy figures of the two children in the verandah, the outstretched arms, the wild gestures, and I heard the despairing cry for aid. But fast towards the house extended the dreadful chasm, yawning, widening, splitting asunder the firm earth with giant force; its huge jaws opened as if to devour the home and its inmates. The slight gave new strength to the husband and father. He sprang up, though his feet could hardly cling to the heaving ground. I caught his arm and held him fast.

"Let me go!" he cried; "they call me. Let me go, or—"

In his madness, in his bitter despair, he would have struck me with his hunting-knife, and I released him. And, yet, by that momentary restraint I saved his life, worthless as the boon may have seemed to him, for in the next instant we were both flung helpless to the ground by a more violent shock. I glanced up; I saw the house quiver and reel; I saw the chasm open and swallow it up, with all its living inmates, and I pressed my hands upon my eyes to shut out the horrid sight. When the last shock passed away, I looked again. The fissure had closed, all but a narrow rift, nearly checked by broken fragments of the ruins. Trees, bushes, earth and stones lay to and fro in confusion. Nothing was unaltered. A few instants had changed the face of all familiar objects. Wilson lay beside me, senseless and livid. The horses were still in their agonies of fear. Two men only were standing unharmed where the huts of the herdsmen had stood. They were my guide and the Indian peon. Poor Wilson! he lay long ill of a brain fever at San Juan de los Llanos, and when he recovered he was a broken man. The bodies of the dear ones he had lost were never seen more by mortal eyes. His despair had done the work of years upon him, he had made him what you see. The land is waiting its last time. Shall we wait? And, old fellow, just one more cigar!

OLD IRA TEAMSTER was a dreadful mean man; he was awful mean. One day the old fellow was at work on the high banks of his barn, when he lost his balance and fell heavily on the floor 33 feet below. He was then up for dead, with a fractured skull, and carried into the house. All efforts to bring him to consciousness were unavailing, and the doctor was called. Finally the doctor, having trepanned him, turned and asked Mrs. Teamster for a silver dollar to put in where a piece of the skull was wanting. At this remark Ira, who had been breathing heavily, turned in bed, and groaned out—"Wouldn't a cent do as well?"

OUR DEFENDERS.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

Our flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,
An Angel of Peace where'er it goes,
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
The Angel of Death it shall be to our foes.
True to our native sky,
Still shall our eagle fly,
Casting his sentinel glance afar—
Though bearing the olive branch,
Still in his talons staunch,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War!

Hark to the sound! there's a foe on our border,
A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom;
Free men are rising and marching in order,
Leaving the plow and anvil and loom!
Leaving the harvest sheen
Of scythe and of sickle keen,
The axe sleeps in peace by the tree it would mar,
Vegetal and youth are out,
Swelling the battle shout,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War!

Our brave mountain eagles swoop from their eyrie,
Our lithe panthers leap from forest and plain,
Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,
Out of the East roll the waves of the main!
Down from their Northern shores,
Lo! as Niagara pours,
They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar,
Under the Stripes and Stars,
Each with the soul of Mars,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War!

Spite of the sword or assassin's stiletto,
While throbs a heart in the breast of the brave,
The oak of the North or the Southern palmetto
Shall shelter no foe except in his grave!
While the Gulf billow breaks,
Echoing the Northern lakes,
And ocean replies unto ocean afar,
Yield we no inch of land,
While there's a patriot hand,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War!

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A number of instances of personal daring are related characteristic of the troops, on both sides, in the lines at Yorktown. During the first day's skirmish on our right, two soldiers, one from Maine, the other from Georgia, posted themselves each behind a tree, and indulged in sundry shots, without effect on either side, at the same time keeping up a lively chat. Finally, that getting tedious, Georgia calls out to Maine, "Give me a show," meaning step out and give an opportunity to hit. Maine, in response, pokes out his head a few inches, and Georgia cracks away and misses. "Too high," says Maine. "Now give me a show." Georgia pokes out his head, and Maine blazes away. "Too low," sings Georgia. Finally, Maine sends a ball so as to graze the tree within an inch or two of the ear of Georgia. "Cease firing," shouts Georgia. "Cease it is," responds Maine. "Look here," says one, "we have carried on this business long enough for one day. 'Spose we adjourn for rations?" "Agreed," says the other. And so the two marched away in different directions, one whistling "Yankee Doodle," the other "Dixie."

Towards evening, while we lay in front of the *Abel* work at Lee's Mills (a correspondent writes), Col. Stoughton sent his fine band to a point of land which had been the scene of sharp skirmishing, and where the rebels were not far off. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and other patriotic pieces, and the rebels, instead of firing, cheered immensely. The scene had its significant features.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A BALL IN RICHMOND.—They have had a grand ball lately in Richmond, at which Miss Hetty Carey, one of the pretty daughters of Mr. Wilson Carey, a prominent Secessionist teacher of Baltimore, figured most conspicuously. The story goes that she appeared at the ball dressed as a captive slave, with her hands tied at the wrists, and bore the shield of Maryland on her bosom, indicating thereby the policy by which that State is kept in the Union. Jeff Davis came forward during the evening and released her manacled hands by untying the cords that bound her wrists, and thus, in the person of the lovely Miss Hetty Carey, freed Maryland from her bondage to the Federal power, and the stormy applause of the company. Miss Carey and one of her sisters are earning a livelihood as clerks in the rebel administration. This event has created the most intense delight and sympathy in the upper-crust of Secessiondom here.

REBEL OUTRAGES ON OUR DEAD.—The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says: "The Committee on the conduct of the War have been taking testimony as to indignities and outrages perpetrated upon our wounded on the battlefield at Bull Run, and upon the dead at subsequent periods. The testimony is full and trustworthy, and confirms all that has been published. Several surgeons who were taken prisoners, Capt. Kicketts and others, have sworn to acts committed by the rebels on our wounded soldiers that would disgrace a nation of savages. The malignant hate and fiendish depravity displayed are most incredible."

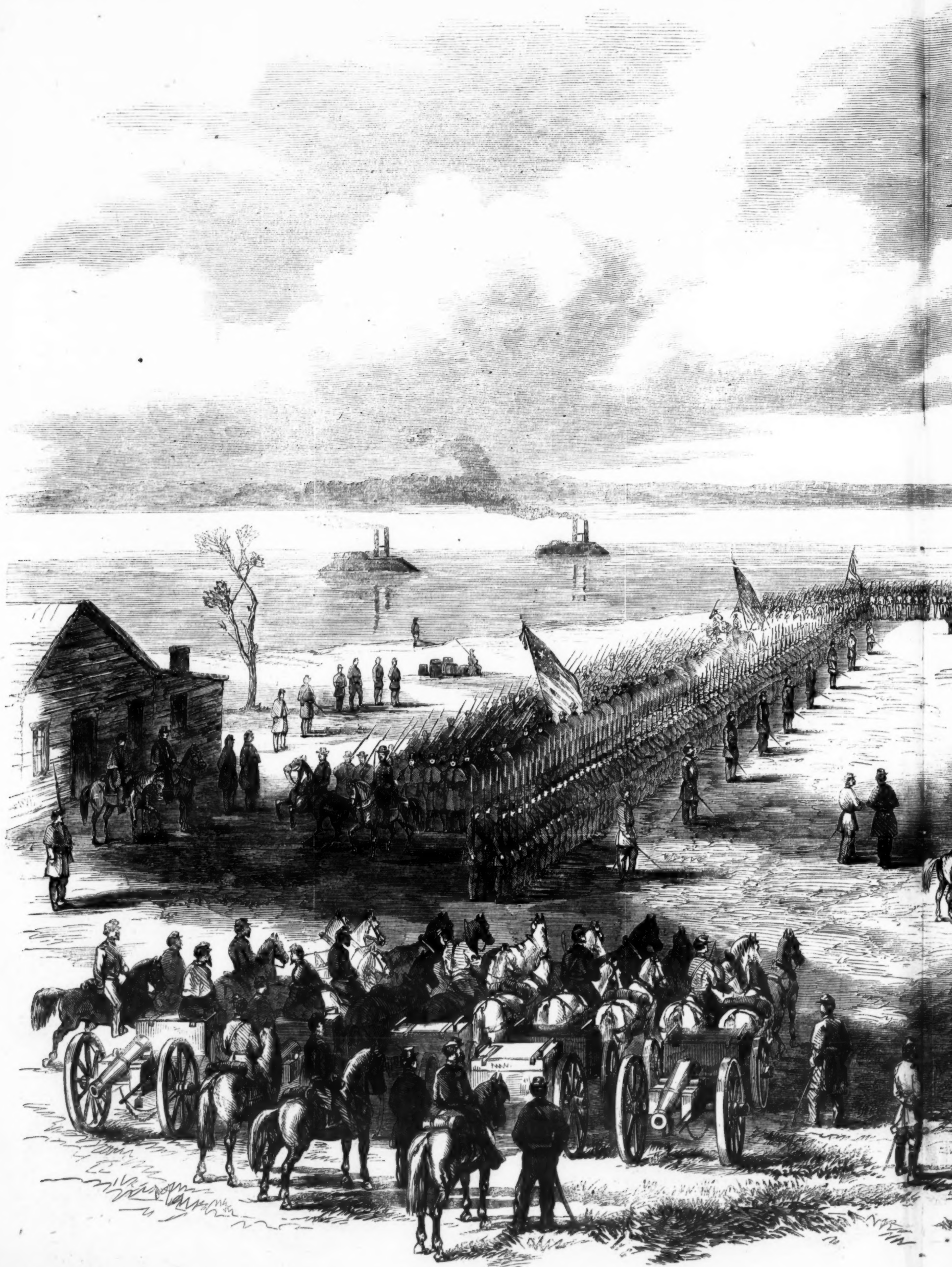
Several Rhode Island officers and others testified to the treatment of our dead—skulls made into drinking-cups, bones made into drumsticks, rings, etc., were produced. Alderman Scholes, of Brooklyn, has been four days trying to rescue the remains of his brother, who was killed on the memorable Sunday, and who had been buried by his comrades. But the body had been dug up and the bones taken away. In many instances the bodies had been pried out of the shallow graves by the rebels, and the buttons, clothes, bones, all taken away as trophies.

Testimony has been taken from people residing near there, which shows that the atrocities were mostly committed by the Louisiana Tigers and Col. Barstow's Georgia regiment. The testimony is being prepared for a report in Congress on this subject, and will be ready for publication in a week or ten days.

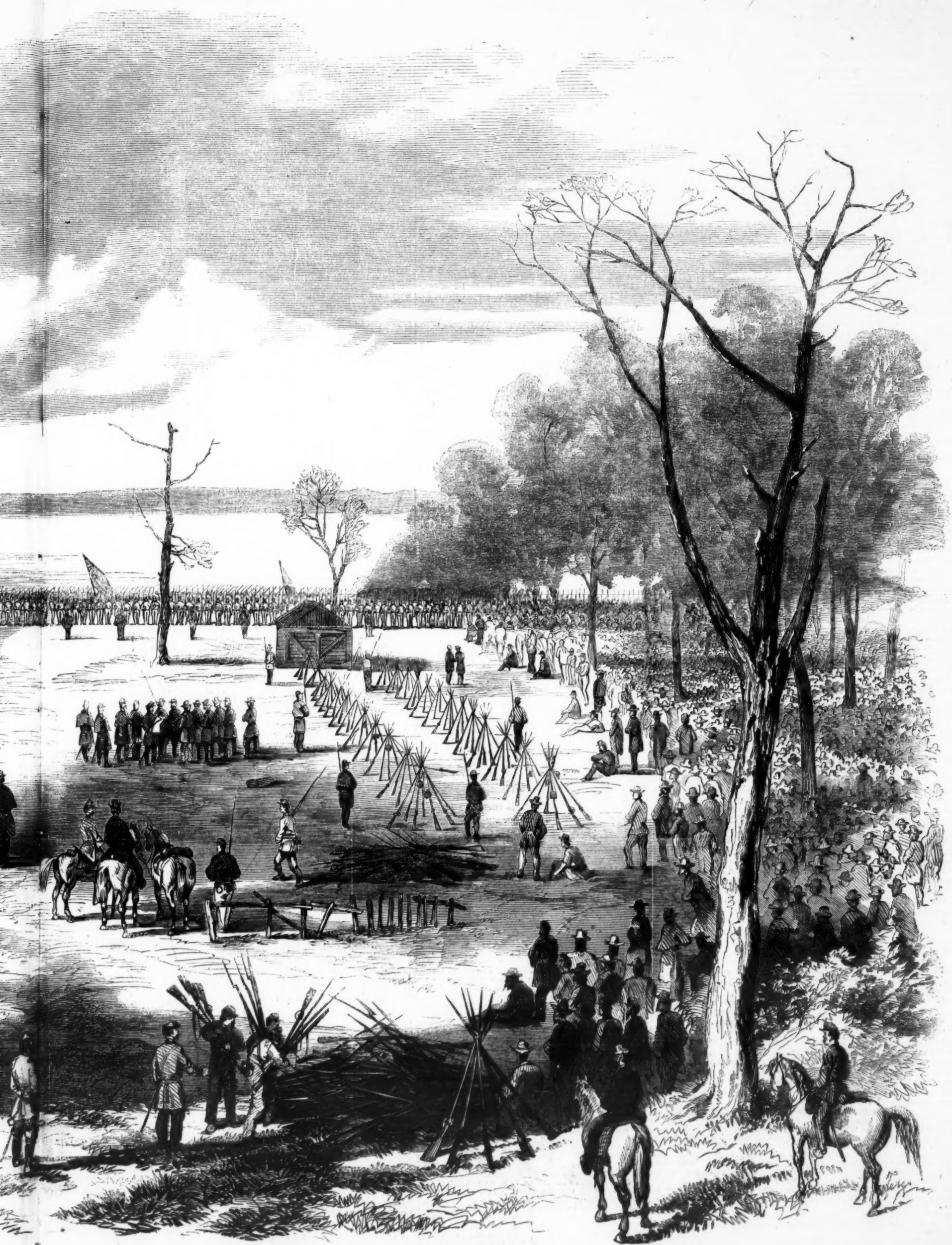
BALLOONING IN THE ARMY.—A letter from Yorktown says: "A little episode has occurred, which was amusing at least. Gen. Porter went up in the balloon at five o'clock this morning, and when about 100 feet above the ground, the rope anchoring the balloon broke, and the General sailed off south-westerly toward Richmond, at a greater speed than the army of the Potomac is moving. He was alone, but had sufficient calmness to pull the valve rope, and gradually descended, reaching the ground in safety, about three miles from camp."

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.—An incident that occurred to the rebel forces stationed in the shore batteries at Island No. 10, illustrates how easily, fortuitously, or perhaps we ought in this case to say providentially, an army may be caught in a position from which it is impossible to escape. About 5,000 men were stationed in and about the shore batteries. On Sunday night, as soon as they saw the Pittsburg run the blockade in safety, and knowing that the transports to convey Gen. Pope's forces across the Mississippi had been got through the slough, and that very soon a strong force would be in their rear, they abandoned their camp and all its contents on Monday afternoon and left for Tiptonville, only five miles distant by land, but by the river 15 miles below New Madrid, hoping thence to escape by their transports. But on reaching the little town, what was their surprise to find the gunboats *Corondelet* and *Pittsburg* moored to the shore. On the left was a swamp through which runs the outlet of Reelfoot lake, in front were the gunboats, on the right was the Mississippi, and they found, when too late, Gen. Pope, with a strong force, posted in their rear. The rebels were caught in a trap from which there was no possible escape. A bloodless victory, with 2,000 prisoners, was the immediate result. Great numbers fled to the swamps, but were soon glad to surrender, raising the whole number of prisoners taken here, at the island and other places, to near 5,000 men. Thus, what the rebels acknowledged to be the key to the Mississippi, a position strong by nature, and fortified with consummate skill and great expense, and defended by 5,000 men and 100 cannon in battery, most of them very heavy, and numbers of them rifled, was taken, and the whole army captured by Gen. Foote and Gen. Pope, without the loss of a single man. History will record it as, taken all in all, the most wonderful and brilliant achievement of the war.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A TOUCHING scene from the battle-field is thus related by a wounded witness from Newberne: "The Lieutenant was in advance of his men in the bayonet charge, when a volley from the enemy shattered his right leg and the Captain's left. They were both removed and laid side by side, when William called to the Surgeon and said, 'Surgeon, you must amputate my leg; I cannot stand this.' The Captain tried to persuade him not to have it removed, but he was determined, and said it must be done. The Surgeon then administered chloroform and amputated his leg. As soon as the operation was performed, William called for a cigar, and smoked it very leisurely until the fire was near to his bow. The Surgeon then came along, and inquired, 'How do you feel now, Lieutenant?' To which he replied, 'Very comfortable'; but I feel as if that stump of a leg you cut off was on again and the foot were cold.' The Captain said it made him shudder to hear William speak so coolly, and he turned his head so as to look in his face. As he gazed at him he thought his eyes looked strangely. At that moment William sat up, and in a voice which never sounded louder or clearer, shouted to his men, 'Forward—march!' and fell back dead.—*Boston Transcript.*



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—THE REBEL FORCES, CONSISTING OF OVER 5,000 MEN, ETC., UNDER THE COMMAND OF GENs. MACKALL AND GANTT, SURRENDERING.



RENDERING TO GEN. PAINE, COMMANDER OF THE UNION TROOPS, AT TIPTONVILLE, TENN., ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES W. McLAUGHLIN.—SEE PAGE 13.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

FATHER! in the battle day,
Shelter his dear head, & pray!
Nerve his young arm with the might
Of Justice, Liberty and Right,
Where the red hand doth fall,
Where stern duty loudly calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild,
Father! guard, oh! guard my child!

Where the foe rush swift and strong,
Madly striving for the wrong;
Where the clashing arms men wield
Ring above the battle-field;
Where the stifling air is hot
With bursting shell and whistling shot—
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart—
Faint and weak in every part—
Wanders from thy mercy seat
After those dear roving feet,
Let thy tender, pitying grace,
Every selfish thought erase,
If this mother-love be wrong—
Pardon, bless and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from my sight—
When around the cheerful fire
Gather brothers, sisters, sire—
There I miss my boy's bright face
From his old familiar place,
And my sad heart wanders back
To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep—
Weeping—warily to weep—
Often dreaming he is near,
Calming every anxious fear—
Often startled by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannons' smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

Thus I dream—and hope and pray
All the weary hours away;
But I know his cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In thy promise: "As thy day
So shall thy strength be"—always!
Yet I need thy guidance still!
Father! let me do thy will!

If new sorrow should befall—
If my noble boy should fall—
If the bright hand I have blessed
On the cold earth find its rest—
Still, with all the mother-heart
Torn, and quivering with the smart,
I yield him, beneath thy chastening rod,
To his Country and his God.

AURORA FLOYD.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT BECAME OF THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

AURORA's aunts, uncles and cousins were not slow to exclaim upon the change for the worse which a twelvemonth in Paris had made in their young kinswoman. I fear that the Demoiselles Lopard suffered considerably in reputation amongst the circle round Felden Woods from Miss Floyd's impaired good looks. She was out of spirits too, had no appetite, slept badly, was nervous and hysterical, no longer took an interest in her dogs and horses, and was altogether an altered creature. Mrs. Alexander Floyd declared it was perfectly clear that these cruel Frenchwomen had worked poor Aurora to a shadow; the girl was not used to study, she said; she had been accustomed to exercise and open air, and no doubt pined sadly in the close atmosphere of a schoolroom.

But Aurora was one of those impressionable natures which quickly recover from any depressing influence. Early in September Lucy Floyd came to Felden Woods, and found her handsome cousin almost entirely recovered from the drudgery of the Parisian pension, but still very loth to talk much of that seminary. She answered Lucy's eager questions very curtly; said that she hated the Demoiselles Lopard and the Rue Saint Dominique, and that the very memory of Paris was disagreeable to her. Like most young ladies with black eyes and blue-black hair, Miss Floyd was a good hater; so Lucy forbore to ask for more information upon what was so evidently an unpleasant subject to her cousin. Poor Lucy had been mercifully well educated; she spoke half a dozen languages, knew all about the natural sciences, had read Gibbon, Niebuhr and Arnold from the title-page to the printer's name, and looked upon the heiress as a big brilliant dunce; so she quietly set down Aurora's dislike to Paris to that young lady's distaste for tuition, and thought little more about it. Any other reasons for Miss Floyd's almost shuddering horror of her Parisian associations lay far beyond Lucy's simple power of penetration.

The 15th of September was Aurora's birthday, and Archibald Floyd determined, upon this 19th anniversary of his daughter's first appearance on this mortal scene, to give an entertainment, whereat his county neighbors and town acquaintance might alike behold and admire the beautiful heiress.

Mrs. Alexander came to Felden Woods, to superintend the preparations for this birthday ball. She drove Aurora and Lucy into town to order the supper and the band, and to choose dresses and wreaths for the young ladies. The banker's heiress was sadly out of place in a milliner's show-room; but she had that rapid judgment as to color, and that perfect taste in form, which bespeak the soul of an artist; and while poor mild Lucy was giving endless trouble, and tumbling innumerable boxes of flowers, before she could find any head-dress in harmony with her rosy cheeks and golden hair, Aurora, after one brief glance at the bright *parterres* of painted cambric, pounced upon a crown-shaped garland of vivid scarlet berries, with drooping and tangled leaves of dark shining green, that looked as if they had just been plucked from a running streamlet. She watched Lucy's perplexities with a half-compassionate, half-contemptuous smile.

"Look at that poor child, aunt Lizzie," she said, "I know that she would like to put pink and yellow against her golden hair. Why, you silly Lucy, don't you know that yours is the beauty which really does not want adornment? A few pearls or forget-me-not blossoms, or a crown of water-lilies and a cloud of white areoplane, would make you look a sylphide; but I dare say you would like to wear amber satin and cabbage-roses."

From the milliner's they drove to Mr. Gunter's in Berkeley Square, at which world-renowned establishment Mrs. Alexander commanded those preparations of turkeys preserved in jelly, hams cunningly embalmed in rich wines and broths, and other specimens of that sublime art of confectionery which hovers midway between sleight-of-hand and cookery, and in which the Berkeley Square professor is without a rival. When poor Thomas Babington Macaulay's New-Zealand shall come to ponder over the ruins of St. Paul's, perhaps he will visit the remains of this humbler temple in Berkeley Square, and wonder at the ice-pails and jelly-moulds, the refrigerators and stewpans, the hot plates long cold and unheeded, and all the mysterious paraphernalia of the dead art.

From the West End, Mrs. Alexander drove to Charing Cross; she had a commission to execute at Dent's—the purchase of a watch for one of her boys, who was just off to Eton.

Aurora threw herself wearily back in the carriage while her aunt and Lucy stopped at the watchmaker's. It was to be observed that, although Miss Floyd had recovered much of her old brilliancy and gaiety of temper, a certain gloomy shade would sometimes steal over

her countenance when she was left to herself for a few minutes; a darkly reflective expression quite foreign to her face. This shadow fell upon her beauty now as she looked out of the open window, moodily watching the passers by. Mrs. Alexander was a long time making her purchase; but Aurora had sat nearly a quarter of an hour blankly staring at the shifting figures of the crowd, when a man hurrying by was attracted by her face at the carriage window, and started as if at some great surprise. He passed on, however, and walked rapidly toward the Horse Guards; but before he turned the corner came to a dead stop, stood still for two or three minutes scratching the back of his head reflectively with his big, bare hand, and then walked slowly back towards Mr. Dent's emporium. He was a broad-shouldered, bull-necked, sandy-whiskered fellow, wearing a cut-away coat and a gaudy neck-kerchief, and smoking a huge cigar, the rank fumes of which struggled with a very powerful odor of rum-and-water recently imbibed. The gentleman's standing in society was betrayed by the smooth head of a bull terrier, whose round eyes peeped out of the pocket of his cut-away coat, and by a Blenheim spaniel carried under his arm. He was the very last person, amongst all the souls between Cocks-pur street and the statue of King Charles, who seemed likely to have anything to say to Miss Aurora Floyd; nevertheless, he walked deliberately up to the carriage and, planting his elbows upon the door, nodded to her with friendly familiarity.

"Well," he said, without inconveniencing himself by the removal of the rank cigar, "how do?"

After which brief salutation he relapsed into silence, and rolled his great brown eyes slowly here and there, in contemplative examination of Miss Floyd and the vehicle in which she sat; even carrying his powers of observation so far as to take particular notice of a pithier morocco bag lying on the back seat, and to inquire casually whether there was "anything walkable in the old party's redicule."

But Aurora did not allow him long for this leisurely employment; for looking at him with her eyes flashing forked lightnings of womanly fury, and her face crimson with indignation, she asked him in a sharp, spasmodic tone whether he had anything to say to her.

He had a great deal to say to her; but as he put his head in at the carriage window and made his communication, whatever it might be, in a rum-and-water whisper, it reached no ears but those of Aurora herself. When he had done whispering, he took a greasy, leather-covered account-book, and a short stump of lead-pencil, considerably the worse for chewing, from his waistcoat pocket, and wrote two or three lines upon a leaf, which he tore out and handed to Aurora.

"This is the address," he said; "you won't forget to send?"

She took her head and looked away from him—looked away with an irrepressible gesture of disgust and loathing.

"You wouldn't like to buy a spaniel dawg," said the man, holding the sleek, curly black-and-tan animal up to the carriage window; "or a French poodle what'll balance a bit of bread on his nose while you count ten? Hay? You should have him a bargain—say fifteen pound the two."

"No!"

At this moment Mrs. Alexander emerged from the watchmaker's just in time to catch a glimpse of the man's broad shoulders as he moved sulkily away from the carriage.

"Has that person been begging of you, Aurora?" she asked, as they drove off.

"No. I once bought a dog of him and he recognized me."

"And wanted you to buy one to-day?"

"Yes."

Miss Floyd sat gloomily silent during the whole of the homeward drive, looking out of the carriage window, and not deigning to take any notice whatever of her aunt and cousin. I do not know whether it was in submission to that palpable superiority of force and vitality in Aurora's nature which seemed to set her above her fellows, or simply in that inherent spirit of tediumism common to the best of us; but Mrs. Alexander and her fair-haired daughter always paid mute reverence to the banker's heiress, and were silent when it pleased her, or conversed at her royal will. I verily believe that it was Aurora's eyes rather than Archibald Martin Floyd's thousands that overawed all her kinsfolk; and that if she had been a street-sweeper dressed in rags, and begging for halfpence, people would have feared her and made way for her, and bated their breath when she was angry.

The trees in the long avenue of Felden Woods were hung with sparkling colored lamps, to light the guests who came to Aurora's birthday festival. The long range of windows on the ground-floor was a-blast with light; the crash of the band burst every now and then above the perpetual roll of carriage-wheels and the shouted repetition of visitors' names, and pealed across the silent woods; through the long vista of half a dozen rooms opening one into another, the waters of a fountain, sparkling with a hundred hues in the light, glittered amid the dark floral wealth of a conservatory filled with exotics. Great clusters of tropical plants were grouped in the spacious hall; festoons of flowers hung about the vapory curtains in the arched doorways. Light and splendor were everywhere around; and amid all, and more splendid than all, in the dark grandeur of her beauty, Aurora Floyd, crowned with scarlet, and robed in white, stood by her father's side.

Amongst the guests who arrive latest at Mr. Floyd's ball are two officers from Windsor, who have driven across country in a mail-coach. The elder of these two, and the driver of the vehicle, has been very discontented and disagreeable throughout the journey.

"If I'd had the remotest idea of the distance, Maldon," he said, "I'd have seen you and your Kentish banker very considerably inconvenienced before I would have consented to victimize my horses for the sake of this snobbish party."

"But it won't be a snobbish party," answered the young man, impetuously. "Archibald Floyd is the best fellow in Christendom, and as for his daughter—"

"Oh, of course, a divinity, with fifty thousand pounds for her fortune; all of which will no doubt be very tightly settled upon herself if she is ever allowed to marry a penniless scapegrace, like Francis Lewis Maldon of Her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars. However, I don't want to stand in your way, my boy. Go in and win, and my blessing be upon your virtuous endeavors. I can imagine the young Scotchwoman—red hair (of course you'll call it Auburn), large feet and freckles!"

"Aurora Floyd—red hair and freckles!" The young officer laughed aloud at the stupendous joke. "You'll see her in a quarter of an hour, Bulstrode," he said.

Talbot Bulstrode, Captain of Her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars, had consented to drive his brother-officer from Windsor to Beckenham, and to array himself in his uniform, in order to adorn therewith the festival at Felden Woods, chiefly because, having at two-and-thirty years of age run through all the wealth of life's excitements and amusements, and finding himself a penniless spendthrift in this species of coin, though well enough off for mere sordid riches, he was too tired of himself and the world to care much whether his friends and comrades led him. He was the eldest son of a wealthy Cornish baronet, whose ancestor had received his title straight from the hands of Scottish King James, when baronetcies first came into fashion; the same fortunate ancestor being near akin to a certain noble, erratic, unfortunate and injured gentleman called Walter Raleigh, and by no means too well used by the same Scottish James. Now of all the pride which ever swelled the breasts of mankind, the pride of Cornishmen is perhaps the strongest; and the Bulstrode family was one of the proudest in Cornwall. Talbot was no alien son of this haughty house; from his very babyhood he had been the proudest of mankind. This pride had been the saving power that had presided over his prosperous career. Other men might have made a downhill road of that smooth pathway which wealth and grandeur made so pleasant, but not Talbot Bulstrode. The vices and follies of the common herd were perhaps retrievable, but vice or folly in a Bulstrode would have left a blot upon a hitherto unblemished scutcheon never to be erased by time or tears. That pride of birth, which was utterly unallied to pride of wealth or station, had a certain noble and chivalrous side, and Talbot Bulstrode was beloved by many a parricidal man because he would have insulted. In the ordinary affairs of life he was as humble as a woman or a child; it was only when honor was in question that the sleeping dragon of pride which had guarded the golden apples of his youth, purity, probity and truth, awoke and bade defiance to the enemy.

At two-and-thirty he was still a bachelor, not because he had never loved, but because he had never met with a woman whose stainless purity of soul fitted her in his eyes to become the mother of a noble race and to rear sons who should do honor to the name of Bulstrode. He looked for more than ordinary everyday virtue in the woman of his choice; he demanded those grand and queenly qualities which are rarest in womankind. Fearless truth, a sense of honor keen as

his own, loyalty of purpose, unselfishness, a soul untainted by the petty baseness of daily life—all these he sought in the being he loved; and at the first warning thrill of emotion caused by a pair of beautiful eyes, he grew critical and captious about their owner, and began to look for infinitesimal stains upon the shining robe of her virginity. He would have married a beggar's daughter if she had reached his almost impossible standard; he would have rejected the descendant of a race of kings if she had fallen one decimal part of an inch below it. Women feared Talbot Bulstrode; manœuvring mothers shrank abashed from the cold light of those watchful gray eyes; daughters to marry blushed and trembled and felt their pretty affectations, their ball-room properties, drop away from them under the quiet gaze of the young officer; till from fearing him the lovely flutters grew to shun and dislike him, and to leave Bulstrode Castle and the Bulstrode fortune unangled in the great matrimonial fisheries. So at two-and-thirty Talbot walked serenely safe amid the meshes and pitfalls of Belgravia, secure in the popular belief that Captain Bulstrode of the Eleventh Hussars was not a marrying man. This belief was perhaps strengthened by the fact that the Cornishman was by no means the elegant ignoramus whose sole accomplishments consist in parting his hair, waxing his moustaches and smoking a meerschaum that has been colored by his valet, and who has become the accepted type of the military man in time of peace.

Talbot Bulstrode was fond of scientific pursuits: he neither smoked, drank nor gambled. He had only been to the Derby once in his life, and on that one occasion had walked quietly away from the stand while the great race was being run, and the white faces were turned towards the fatal corner, and men were sick with terror and anxiety, and frenzied with the madness of suspense. He never hunted, though he rode like Colonel Assheton Smith. He was a perfect swordsman, and one of Mr. Angelo's pet pupils, a favorite lounge in the gallery of that simple-hearted, honorable-minded gentleman; but he had never handled a billiard-ball in his life, nor had he touched a card since the days of his boyhood, when he took a hand at long whist with his father and mother and the parson of the parish, in the south drawing-room at Bulstrode Castle. He had a peculiar aversion to all games of chance and skill, contending that it was beneath a gentleman to employ, even for amusement, the implements of the sharper's pitiful trade. His rooms were as neatly kept as those of a woman. Cases of mathematical instruments took the place of cigar-boxes; proof impressions of Raphael adorned the walls ordinarily covered with French points and water-colored sporting sketches from Ackermann's emporium. He was familiar with every turn of expression in Descartes and Condillac, but would have been sorely puzzled to translate the argutious locutions of Monsieur de Kock *per se*. Those who spoke of him summed him up by saying that he wasn't a bit like an officer; but there was a certain regiment of foot, which he had commanded when the heights of Inkermann were won, whose ranks told another story of Captain Bulstrode. He had made an exchange into the Eleventh Hussars on his return from the Crimea, whence, among other distinctions, he had brought a stiff leg, which for a time disqualified him from dancing. It was from pure benevolence, therefore, or from that indifference to all things which is easily mistaken for unselfishness that Talbot Bulstrode had consented to accept an invitation to the ball at Felden Woods.

The banker's guests were not of that charmed circle familiar to the captain of hussars; so Talbot after a brief introduction to his host, fell back among the crowd assembled in one of the doorways, and quietly watched the dancers; not unobserved himself, however, for he was just one of those people who will not pass in a crowd. Tall and broad-chested, with a pale whiskered face, aquiline nose, clear, cold gray eyes, thick moustache and black hair, worn as closely cropped as if he had lately emerged from Coldbath Fields or Millbank prison, he formed a striking contrast to the yellow-whiskered young ensign who had accompanied him. Even that stiff leg, which in others might have seemed a blemish, added to the distinction of his appearance, and, coupled with the glittering orders on the breast of his uniform, told of deeds of prowess lately done. He took very little delight in the gay assembly revolving before him to one of Charles d'Albert's waltzes. He had heard the same music before, executed by the same band; the faces, though unfamiliar to him, were not new; dark beauties in pink, fair beauties in blue; tall, dashing beauties in silks and laces and jewels and splendour; modestly downcast beauties in white crape and rosebuds. They had all been spread for him, those familiar nets of gauze and areoplane, and he had escaped them all; and the name of Bulstrode might drop out of the history of Cornish gentry to find no record save upon gravestones, but it would never be tarnished by an unworthy race, or dragged through the mire of a divorce court by a guilty woman.

While he lounged against the pillar of a doorway, leaning on his cane and resting his lame leg, and wondering lazily whether there was anything upon earth that repaid a man for the trouble of living, Hugh Maldon approached him with a woman's gloved hand lying lightly on his arm, and a divinity walking by his side! A divinity! imperiously beautiful in white and scarlet, painfully dazzling to look upon, intoxicatingly brilliant to behold. Captain Bulstrode had served in India, and had once tasted a horrible spirit called *blang*, which made the men who drank it half mad; and he could not help fancying that the beauty of this woman was like the strength of that alcoholic preparation; barbarous, intoxicating, dangerous and maddening.

His brother officer presented him to this wonderful creature and he found that her curiously name was Aurora Floyd, and that she was the heiress of Felden Woods.

Talbot Bulstrode recovered himself in a moment. This imperious creature, this Cleopatra in ermine, had a low forehead, a nose that deviated from the line of beauty, and a wide mouth. What was she but another trap set in white muslin, and baited with artificial flowers like the rest? She was to have £50,000 pounds for her portion, so she didn't want a rich husband; but she was a nobody, so of course she wanted position, and had no doubt read up the Raleigh Bulstrodes in the sublime pages of Burke. The clear gray eyes grew as cold as ever, therefore, as Talbot bowed to the heiress. Mr. Maldon found his partner a chair close to the pillar against which Captain Bulstrode had taken his stand, and Mrs. Alexander Floyd was opening down upon the ensign at this very moment, with the dire intent of carrying him off to dance with a lady who executed more of her steps upon the toes of her partner than on the floor of the ball-room, Aurora and Talbot were left to themselves.

Captain Bulstrode glanced downward at the banker's daughter. His gaze lingered upon the graceful head, with its coronal of shining scarlet berries, encircling smooth masses of blue-black hair. He expected to see the modest drooping of the eyelids peculiar to young ladies with long lashes, but he was disappointed; for Aurora Floyd was looking straight before her, neither at him, nor at the lights, nor the flowers, nor the dancers, but far away into vacancy. She was so young, prosperous, admired and beloved, that it was difficult to account for the dim shadow of trouble that clouded her glorious eyes.

While he was wondering what he should say to her, she lifted her eyes to his face, and asked him the strangest question he had ever heard from girlish lips.

"Do you know if Thunderbolt won the Leger?" she asked.

He was too much confounded to answer for a moment, and she continued rather impatiently, "They must have heard by six o'clock this evening in London; but I have asked half a dozen people here to-night, and no one seems to know anything about it."

Talbot's close-cropped hair seemed lifted from his head as he listened to this terrible address. Good heavens! what a horrible woman! The hussar's vivid imagination pictured the hair of all the Raleigh Bulstrodes receiving his infantile impressions from such a mother. She would teach him to read out of the *Racing Calendar*; she would invent a royal alphabet of the turf, and tell him that "D stands for Derby, old England's great race" and "E stands for Epsom, a crack meeting-place" &c. He told Miss Floyd that he had never been to Doncaster in his life, that he had never read a sporting-paper, and that he knew no more of Thunderbolt than of King Cheops.

She looked at him rather contemptuously. "Cheops wasn't much," she said; "but he won the Liverpool Autumn Cup in Blink Bonny's year."

Talbot Bulstrode shuddered afresh; but a feeling of pity mingled with his horror. "If I had a sister," he thought, "I would get her to talk to this miserable girl, and bring her to a sense of her iniquity."

Aurora said no more to the captain of hussars, but relapsed into the old, far-away gaze into vacancy, and sat twisting a bracelet round and round upon her finely-moulded wrist. It was a diamond bracelet, worth a couple of hundred pounds, which had been given her that day by her father. He would have invested all his fortune

in Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's cunning handiwork, if Aurora had sighed for gems and gewgaws. Miss Floyd's glance fell upon the glittering ornament, and she looked at it long and earnestly, rather as if she was calculating the value of the stones than admiring the taste of the workmanship.

While Talbot was watching her, full of wondering pity and horror, a young man hurried up to the spot where she was seated, and reminded her of an engagement for the quadrille that was forming. She looked at her tablets of ivory, gold and turquoise, and with a certain disdainful weariness rose and took his arm. Talbot followed her receding form. Taller than most among the throng, her queenly head was not soon lost sight of.

"A Cleopatra with a snub nose two sizes too small for her face, and a taste for horseflesh!" said Talbot Bulstrode, ruminating upon the departed divinity. "She ought to carry a betting-book instead of those ivory tablets. How *distract* she was all the time she sat there! I dare say she has made a book for the Leger, and was calculating how much she stands to lose. What will this poor old banker do with her? put her into a madhouse, or get her elected a member of the Jockey Club? With her black eyes and £50,000, she might lead the sporting world. There has been a female Pope, why should there not be a female 'Napoleon of the Turf'?"

Later, when the rustling leaves of the trees in Beckenham woods were shivering in that cold gray hour which precedes the advent of the dawn, Talbot Bulstrode drove his friend away from the banker's lighted mansion. He talked of Aurora Floyd during the whole of that long cross-country drive. He was merciless to her follies; he ridiculed, he abused, he sneered at and condemned her questionable tastes. He bade Francis Louis Maldon marry her at his peril, and wished him joy of such a wife. He declared that if he had such a sister he would shoot her, unless she reformed and burnt her betting-book. He worked himself up into a savage humor about the young lady's delinquencies, and talked of her as if she had done him an unpardonable injury by entertaining a taste for the Turf; till at last the poor meek young ensign plucked up a spirit, and told his superior officer that Aurora Floyd was a very jolly girl, and a good girl, and a perfect lady, and if she did want to know who won the Leger it was no business of Captain Bulstrode's, and that he, Bulstrode, needn't make such a howling about it.

While the two men were getting into high words about her, Aurora is seated in her dressing-room, listening to Lucy Floyd's babble about the ball.

"There was never such a delightful party," that young lady said; "and did Aurora see so-and-so, and so-and-so, and so-and-so? and above all, did she observe Captain Bulstrode, who had served all through the Crimean war, and who walked lame, and was the son of Sir John Walter Raleigh Bulstrode, of Bulstrode Castle, near Camelford?"

Aurora shook her head with a weary gesture. No, she hadn't noticed any of these people. Poor Lucy's childish talk was stopped in a moment.

"You are tired, Aurora, dear," she said; "how cruel I am to worry you!"

Aurora threw her arms about her cousin's neck, and hid her face upon Lucy's white shoulder.

"I am tired," she said, "very, very tired." She spoke with such an utterly despairing weariness in her tone that her gentle cousin was alarmed at her words.

"You are not unhappy, dear Aurora?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, no; only tired. There, go, Lucy. Good-night, good-night."

She gently pushed her cousin from the room, rejected the services of her maid, and dismissed her also. Then, tired as she was, she removed the candle from the dressing-table to a desk on the other side of the room, and seating herself at this desk, unlocked it, and took from one of its inmost recesses the soiled pencil-scrrawl which had been given her a week before by the man who tried to sell her a dog in Cockspur street.

The diamond bracelet, Archibald Floyd's birthday gift to his daughter, lay in its nest of white satin and velvet upon Aurora's dressing-table. She took the morocco case in her hand, looked for a few moments at the jewel, and then shut the lid of the little casket with a sharp metallic snap.

"The tears were in my father's eyes when he clasped the bracelet on my arm!" she said, as she reseated herself at the desk. "If he could see me now!"

She wrapped the morocco case in a sheet of foolscap, secured the parcel in several places with red wax and a plain seal, and directed it thus:

"J. C.,
Care of Mr. Joseph Green,
Bell Inn,
Doncaster."

Early the next morning Miss Floyd drove her aunt and cousin into Croydon, and, leaving them at a Berlin wool shop, went alone to the post office, where she registered and posted this valuable parcel.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTER THE BALL.

Two days after Aurora's birth-night festival, Talbot Bulstrode's phaeton dashed once more into the avenue at Felden Woods. Again the captain made a sacrifice on the shrine of friendship, and drove Francis Maldon from Windsor to Beckenham, in order that the young cornet might make those anxious inquiries about the health of the ladies of Mr. Floyd's household which, by a pleasant social fiction, are supposed to be necessary after an evening of intermittent waltzes and quadrilles.

The junior officer was very grateful for this kindness; for Talbot, though the best of fellows, was not much given to put himself out of the way for the pleasure of other people. It would have been far pleasanter to the captain to dawdle away the day in his own rooms, tolling over those erudite works which his brother officers described by the generic title of "heavy reading," or, according to the popular belief of those hare-brained young men, employed in squaring the circle in the solitude of his chamber.

Talbot Bulstrode was altogether an inscrutable personage to his comrades of the 11th Hussars. His black-letter folios, his polished mahogany cases of mathematical instruments, his proof-before-letters engravings, were the fopperies of a young Oxonian rather than an officer who had fought and bled at Inkermann. The young men who breakfasted with him in his rooms trembled as they read the titles of the big books on the shelves, and stared helplessly at the grim saints and angular angels in the pre-Raphaelite prints upon the walls. They dared not even propose to smoke in those sacred chambers, and were ashamed of the wet impressions of the rims of the Moselle bottles which they left upon the mahogany cases.

It seemed natural to people to be afraid of Talbot Bulstrode, just as little boys are frightened of a beadle, a policeman, and a school-master, even before they have been told the attributes of these terrible beings. The colonel of the 11th Hussars, a portly gentleman, who rode fifteen stone, and wrote his name high in the peerage, was frightened of Talbot. That cold gray eye struck a silent awe into the hearts of men and women with its straight penetrating gaze that always seemed to be telling them they were found out. The colonel was afraid to tell his best stories when Talbot was at the mess-table, for he had a dim consciousness that the captain was aware of the discrepancies in those brilliant anecdotes, though that officer had never implied a doubt by either look or gesture. The Irish adjutant forgot to brag about his conquests among the fair sex; the younger men dropped their voices when they talked to each other of the side-scenes at Her Majesty's Theatre; and the corks flew faster, and the laughter grew louder when Talbot left the room.

The captain knew that he was more respected than beloved, and like all proud men who repel the warm feelings of others, he uttered despite of themselves, he was grieved and wounded because his comrades did not become attached to him.

"Will anybody, out of all the millions upon this wide earth, ever love me?" he thought. "No one ever has as yet. Not even my father and mother. They have been proud of me; but they have never loved me. How many a young profligate has brought his parents' gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, and has been beloved with the last heart-beat of those he destroyed, as I have never been in my life! Perhaps my mother would have loved me better if I had given her more trouble; if I had scattered the name of Bulstrode all over London upon post-obits and dishonored acceptances; if I had been drummed out of my regiment, and had walked down to Cornwall without shoes or stockings, to fall at her feet, and sob out my ains and sorrows in her lap, and ask her to mortgage her jointure for the payment of my debts. But I have never asked anything of her, dear soul, except her love, and that she has been unable to give me. I suppose it is because I do not know how to ask. How often I have

sat by her side at Bulstrode, talking of all sorts of indifferent subjects, yet with a vague yearning at my heart to throw myself upon her breast and implore of her to love and bless her son; but held aloof by some icy barrier that I have been powerless all my life to break down. What woman has ever loved me? Not one. They have tried to marry me, because I shall be Sir Talbot Bulstrode, of Bulstrode Castle; but how soon they have left off angling for the prize, and shrunk away from me chilled and disheartened! I shudder when I remember that I shall be three-and-thirty next March, and that I have never been beloved. I shall sell out, now the fighting is over, for I am no use amongst the fellows here; and, if any good little thing would fall in love me, I would marry her, and take her down to Bulstrode, to my mother and father, and turn country gentleman."

Talbot Bulstrode made this declaration in all sincerity. He wished that some good and pure creature would fall in love with him, in order that he might marry her. He wanted some spontaneous exhibition of innocent feeling which might justify him in saying, "I am beloved!" He felt little capacity for loving, on his own side; but he thought that he would be grateful to any good woman who would regard him with disinterested affection, and that he would devote his life to making her happy.

"It would be something to feel that if I were smashed in a railway accident, or dropped out of a balloon, some one creature in this world would think it a lonelier place for lack of me. I wonder whether my children would love me? I dare say not. I should freeze their young affections with the Latin grammar; and they would tremble as they passed the door of my study, and hush their voices into a frightened whisper when papa was within hearing."

Talbot Bulstrode's ideal of woman was some gentle and feminine creature crowned with an aureole of pale auburn hair; some timid soul with downcast eyes, fringed with golden-tinted lashes; some shrinking being, as pale and prim as the medieval saints in his pre-Raphaelite engravings, spotless as her own white robes, excelling in all womanly graces and accomplishments, but only exhibiting them in the narrow circle of a home.

Perhaps Talbot thought that he had met with his ideal when he entered the long drawing-room at Felden Woods, with Cornet Maldon, on the 17th of September, 1857.

Lucy Floyd was standing by an open piano, with her white dress and pale golden hair bathed in a flood of autumn sunlight. That sunlit figure came back to Talbot's memory long afterwards, after a stormy interval, in which it had been blotted away and forgotten, and the long drawing-room stretched itself out like a picture before his eyes.

Yes, this was his ideal. This graceful girl, with the shimmering light for ever playing upon her hair, and the modest droop in her white eyelids. But undemonstrative as usual, Captain Bulstrode seated himself near the piano, after the brief ceremony of greeting, and contemplated Lucy with grave eyes that betrayed no special admiration.

He had not taken much notice of Lucy Floyd on the night of the ball; indeed, Lucy was scarcely a candle-light beauty; her hair wanted the sunshine gleaming through it to light up the golden halo about her face, and the delicate pink of her cheeks that waxed pale in the glare of the great chandeliers.

While Captain Bulstrode was watching Lucy with that grave contemplative gaze, trying to find out whether she was in any way different from other girls he had known, and whether the purity of her delicate beauty was more than skin deep, the window opposite to him was darkened, and Aurora Floyd stood between him and the sunshine.

The banker's daughter paused on the threshold of the open window, holding the collar of an immense mastiff in both her hands, and looking irresolutely into the room.

Miss Floyd hated morning callers, and she was debating within herself whether she had been seen, or whether it might be possible to steal away unperceived.

But the dog set up a big bark, and settled the question.

"Quiet, Bow-wow," she said; "quiet, quiet, boy."

Yes, the dog was called Bow-wow. He was twelve years old, and Aurora had so christened him in her seventh year, when he was a blundering, big-headed puppy, that sprawled upon the table during the little girl's lessons, upset ink-bottles over her copy-books, and ate whole chapters of Pinnock's Abridged Histories.

The gentlemen rose at the sound of her voice, and Miss Floyd came into the room and sat down at a little distance from the captain and her cousin, twirling a straw-hat in her hand and staring at her dog, who seated himself resolutely by her chair, knocking double-knocks of good temper upon the carpet with his big tail.

Though she said very little, and seated herself in a careless attitude that bespoke complete indifference to her visitors, Aurora's beauty extinguished poor Lucy, as the rising sun extinguishes the stars.

The thick plaits of her black hair made a great diadem upon her low forehead, and crowned her an Eastern empress; an empress with a doubtful nose, it is true, but an empress who reigned by right divine of her eyes and hair. For do not these wonderful black eyes, which perhaps shine upon us only once in a lifetime, in themselves constitute a royalty?

Talbot Bulstrode turned away from his ideal to look at this dark-haired goddess, with a coarse straw-hat in her hand and a big mastiff's head lying on her lap. Again he perceived that abstraction in her manner which had puzzled him on the night of the ball. She listened to her visitors politely, and she answered them when they spoke to her; but it seemed to Talbot as if she constrained herself to attend to them by an effort.

"She wishes me away, dare say," he thought; "and no doubt considers me a 'slow party,' because I don't talk to her of horses and dogs."

The captain resumed his conversation with Lucy. He found that she talked exactly as he had heard other young ladies talk, that she knew all they knew, and had been to the places they had visited. The ground they went over was very old indeed, but Lucy traversed it with charming propriety.

"She is a good little thing," Talbot thought; "and would make an admirable wife for a country gentleman. I wish she would fall in love with me."

Lucy told him of some excursion in Switzerland, where she had been during the preceding autumn with her father and mother.

"And your cousin," he asked, "was she with you?"

"No; Aurora was at school in Paris with the Demoiselles Lespard."

"Lespard—Lespard!" he repeated; "a Protestant pension in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. Why, a cousin of mine is being educated there—a Miss Trevyllian. She has been there for three or four years. Do you remember Constance Trevyllian at the Demoiselles Lespard, Miss Floyd?" said Talbot, addressing himself to Aurora.

"Constance Trevyllian! Yes, I remember her," answered the banker's daughter.

She said nothing more, and for a few moments there was rather an awkward pause.

"Miss Trevyllian is my cousin," said the captain.

"Indeed!"

"I hope that you were very good friends."

"Oh, yes."

She bent over her dog, caressing his big head, and not even looking up as she spoke to Miss Trevyllian. It seemed as if the subject was utterly indifferent to her, and she disdained even to affect an interest in it.

Talbot Bulstrode bit his lip with offended pride. "I suppose this purse-proud heiress looks down upon the Trevyllians of Tredethlin," he thought, "because they can boast of nothing better than a few hundred acres of barren moorland, some exhausted tin-mines, and a pedigree that dates from the days of King Arthur."

Archibald Floyd came into the drawing-room while the officers were seated there, and bade them welcome to Felden Woods.

"A long drive, gentlemen," he said; "your horses will want a rest. Of course you will dine with us. We shall have a full moon to-night, and you'll have it as light as day for your drive back."

Talbot looked at Francis Louis Maldon, who was sitting staring at Aurora with vacant, open-mouthed admiration. The young officer knew that the heiress and her £50,000 were not for him; but it was scarcely the less pleasant to look at her, and wish that, like Captain Bulstrode, he had been the eldest son of a rich baronet.

The invitation was accepted by Mr. Maldon as cordially as it had been given, and with less than his usual stiffness of manner on the part of Talbot.

The luncheon-bell rang while they were talking, and the little party adjourned to the dining-room, where they found Mrs. Alexander Floyd sitting at the bottom of the table. Talbot sat next to Lucy,

with Mr. Maldon opposite to them, while Aurora took her place beside her father.

The old man was attentive to his guests, but the shallowest observer could have scarcely failed to notice his watchfulness of Aurora. It was ever present in his careworn face, that tender, anxious glance which turned to her at every pause in the conversation, and could scarcely withdraw itself from her for the common courtesies of life. If she spoke, he listened—listened as if every careless, half-disdainful word concealed a deeper meaning which it was his task to discern and unravel. If she was silent, he watched her still more closely, seeking perhaps to penetrate that gloomy veil which sometimes spread itself over her handsome face.

Talbot Bulstrode was not so absorbed by his conversation with Lucy and Mrs. Alexander, as to overlook this peculiarity in the father's manner toward his only child. He saw too that when Aurora addressed the banker, it was no longer with that listless indifference, half weariness, half disdain, which seemed natural to her on other occasions. The eager watchfulness of Archibald Floyd was in some measure reflected in his daughter; by fits and starts, it is true, for she generally sank back into that moody abstraction which Captain Bulstrode had observed on the night of the ball; but still it was there, the same feeling as her father's, though less constant and intense. A watchful, anxious, half-sorrowful affection, which could scarcely exist except under abnormal circumstances. Talbot Bulstrode was vexed to find himself wondering about this, and growing every moment less and less attentive to Lucy's simple talk.

"What does it mean?" he thought; "has she fallen in love with some man whom her father has forbidden her to marry, and is the old man trying to atone for his severity? That's scarcely likely. A woman with a head and throat like hers could scarcely fall to be ambitious—ambitious and revengeful, rather than over-susceptible of any tender passion. Did she lose half her fortune upon that race she talked to me about? I'll ask her presently. Perhaps they have taken away her betting-book, or lamed her favorite horse, or shot some pet dog, to cure him of distemper. She is a spoiled child, of course, this heiress, and I dare say her father would try to get a copy of the moon made for her, if she cried for that planet."

After luncheon, the banker took his guests into the gardens that stretched far away upon two sides of the house; the gardens which poor Eliza Floyd had helped to plan 19 years before.

Talbot Bulstrode walked rather stiffly from his Crimean wound, but Mrs. Alexander and her daughter suited their pace to his, while Aurora walked before them with her father and Mr. Maldon, and with the mastiff close at her side.

"Your cousin is rather proud, is she not?" Talbot asked Lucy, after they had been talking of Aurora.

"Aurora proud! oh, no, indeed; perhaps, if she has any fault at all (for she is the dearest girl that ever lived), it is that she has not sufficient pride; I mean with regard to servants, and that sort of people. She would as soon talk to one of those gardeners as to you or me; and you would see no difference in her manner, except that perhaps it would be a little more cordial to them than to us. The poor people round Felden idolise her."

"Aurora takes after her mother," said Mrs. Alexander; "she is the living image of poor Eliza Floyd."

"Was Mrs. Floyd a countrywoman of her husband's?" Talbot asked. He was wondering how Aurora came to have those great, brilliant, black eyes, and so much of the south in her beauty.

"No; my uncle's wife belonged to a Lancashire family."

A Lancashire family! If Talbot Raleigh Bulstrode could have known that the family name was Prodder; that one member of the haughty house had employed his youth in the pleasing occupations of a cabin-boy, making thick coffee and toasting greasy herrings for the mutinous meal of a surly captain, and receiving more corporal correction from the sturdy toe of his master's boot than sterling copper coin of the realm! If he could have known that the great aunt of this disdainful creature, walking before him in all the majesty of her beauty, had once kept a chandler's shop in an obscure street in Liverpool, and for aught any one but the banker knew, kept it still! But this was a knowledge which had wisely been kept even from Aurora herself, who knew little, except that, despite of having been born with that allegorical silver-spoon in her mouth, she was poorer than other girls, inasmuch as she was motherless.

Mrs. Alexander Lucy and the captain overtook the others upon a rustic bridge, where Talbot stopped to rest. Aurora was leaning over the rough wooden balustrade, looking lazily at the water.

"Did your favorite win the race, Miss Floyd?" he asked, as he watched the effect of her profile against the sunlight; not a very beautiful profile certainly, but for the long black eyelashes, and the radiance under them, which their darkest shadows could never hide.

"Which favorite?" she said.

"The horse you spoke to me about the other night, Thunderbolt; did he win?"

"No."

"I am very sorry to hear it."

Aurora looked up at him, reddening angrily.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because I thought you were interested in his success."

As Talbot said this, he observed, for the first time, that Archibald Floyd was near enough to overhear their conversation, and, furthermore, that he was regarding his daughter with even more than his usual watchfulness.

"Do not talk to me of racing; it annoys papa," Aurora said to the captain, dropping her voice.

Talbot bowed. "I was right, then," he thought; "the turf is the skeleton. I dare say Miss Floyd has been doing her best to drag her father's name into the *Gazette*, and yet he evidently loves her to distraction; while I— There was something so very pharisaical in the speech, that Captain Bulstrode would not even finish it mentally. He was thinking, "This girl, who, perhaps, has been the cause of nights of sleepless anxiety and days of devouring care, is tenderly beloved by her father; while I, who am a model to all the elder sons of England, have never been loved in my life."

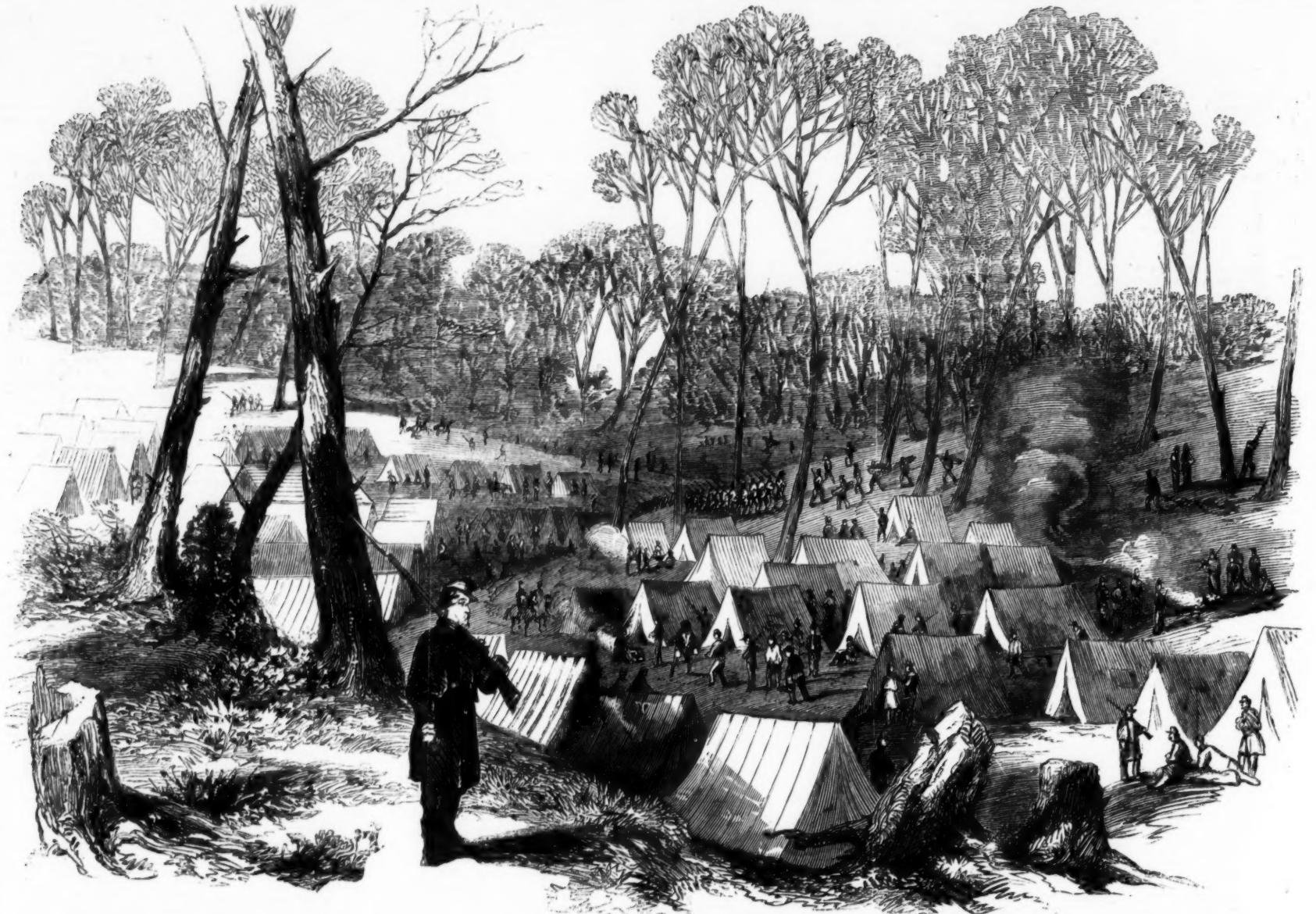
At half-past six the great bell at Felden Woods rang a clamorous peal that went shivering above the trees, to tell the countryside that the family were going to dress for dinner; and another peal as seven to tell the villagers round Beckenham and West Wickham that Maister Floyd and his household were going to dine; but not altogether an empty or discordant peal, for it told the hungry poor of broken victuals and rich and delicate meats to be bud almost for asking at the servants' offices—shreds of fricandeaux and patches of dainty preparations, quarters of chickens and carcasses of pheasants, which would have gone to fatten the pigs for Christmas, but for Archibald Floyd's strict commands that all should be given to those who chose to come for it.

Mr. Floyd and his visitors did not leave the gardens till after the ladies had retired to dress. The dinner-party was very animated, for Alexander Floyd drove down from the city to join his wife and daughter, bringing with him the noisy boy who was just going to Eton, and who was passionately attached to his cousin Aurora. And whether it was owing to the influence of this young gentleman, or to that fitfulness which seemed a part of her nature, Talbot Bulstrode could not discover; but certain it was that the dark cloud had melted away from Miss Floyd's face, and she abandoned herself to the joyousness of the hour with a radiant grace that reminded her father of the night when Eliza Percival played Lady Teazle for the last time, and took her farewell of the stage in the little Lancashire theatre.

It needed but this change in his daughter to make Archibald Floyd thoroughly happy. Aurora's smiles seemed to shed a reviving influence upon the whole circle. The ice melted away, for the sun had broken out and the winter was gone at last. Talbot Bulstrode bewildered his brain by trying to discover why it was that this woman was such a peerless and fascinating creature; why it was that, argue as he would against the fact, he was nevertheless allowing himself to be bewitched by this black-eyed syren, freely drinking of that cup of *Shang* which she presented to him, and rapidly becoming intoxicated.

"I could almost fall in love with my fair-haired ideal," he thought, "but I cannot help admiring this extraordinary girl. How is so like Mrs. Nisbett in her zenity of fame and beauty; she is like Cleopatra sailing down the Cydnus; she is like Nell Gwynne selling oranges; she is like Lola Montes giving battle to the Bavarian students; she is like Charlotte Corday with the knife in her hand, standing behind the Friend of the People in his bath; she is like everything that is beautiful, and strange, and wicked, and unwomanly, and bewitching; and she is just the sort of creature that many a fool would fall in love with."

He put the length of the room between himself and the enchantress, and took his seat by the grand-piano, at which Lucy Floyd was playing slow harmonious symphonies of Beethoven. The drawing-room at Felden Woods was so long that, seated by this piano, Captain



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE POSITION OF THE UNION ARMY—CAMP OF THE 9TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE WOODS ONE MILE FROM THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS, APRIL 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

Bulstrode seemed to look back at the merry group about the heiress as he might have looked at a scene on the stage from the back of the boxes. He almost wished for an opera-glass as he watched Aurora's graceful gestures and the play of her sparkling eyes; and then turning to the piano, he listened to the drowsy music, and contemplated Lucy's face, marvellously fair in the light of that full moon of which Archibald Floyd had spoken, the glory of which, streaming in from an open window, put out the dim wax-candles on the piano.

All that Aurora's beauty most lacked was richly possessed by Lucy. Delicacy of outline, perfection of feature, purity of tint, all were there; but while one face dazzled you by its shining splendor, the other impressed you only with a feeble sense of its charms, slow to come and quick to pass away. There are so many Lucys, but so few Auroras; and while you never could be critical with the one, you were merciless in your scrutiny of the other. Talbot Bulstrode was attracted to Lucy by a vague notion that she was just the good and timid creature who was destined to make him happy; but he looked at her as calmly as if she had been a statue, and was as fully aware of her defects as a sculptor who criticises the work of a rival.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. McCLELLAN, AT BIG BETHEL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

But she was exactly the sort of woman to make a good wife. She had been educated to that end by a careful mother. Purity and goodness had watched over her and hemmed her in from her cradle. She had never seen unseemly sights, or heard unseemly sounds. She was as ignorant as a baby of all the vices and horrors of this big world. She was lady-like, accomplished, well-informed; and if there were a great many others of precisely the same type of graceful womanhood it was certainly the highest type, and the holiest, and the best.

Later in the evening, when Captain Bulstrode's phaeton was brought round to the flight of steps in front of the great doors, the little party assembled on the terrace to see the two officers depart, and the banker told his guests how he hoped this visit to Felden would be the beginning of a lasting acquaintance.

"I am going to take Aurora and my niece to Brighton for a month or so," he said, as he shook hands with the captain; "but on our return you must let us see you as often as possible."

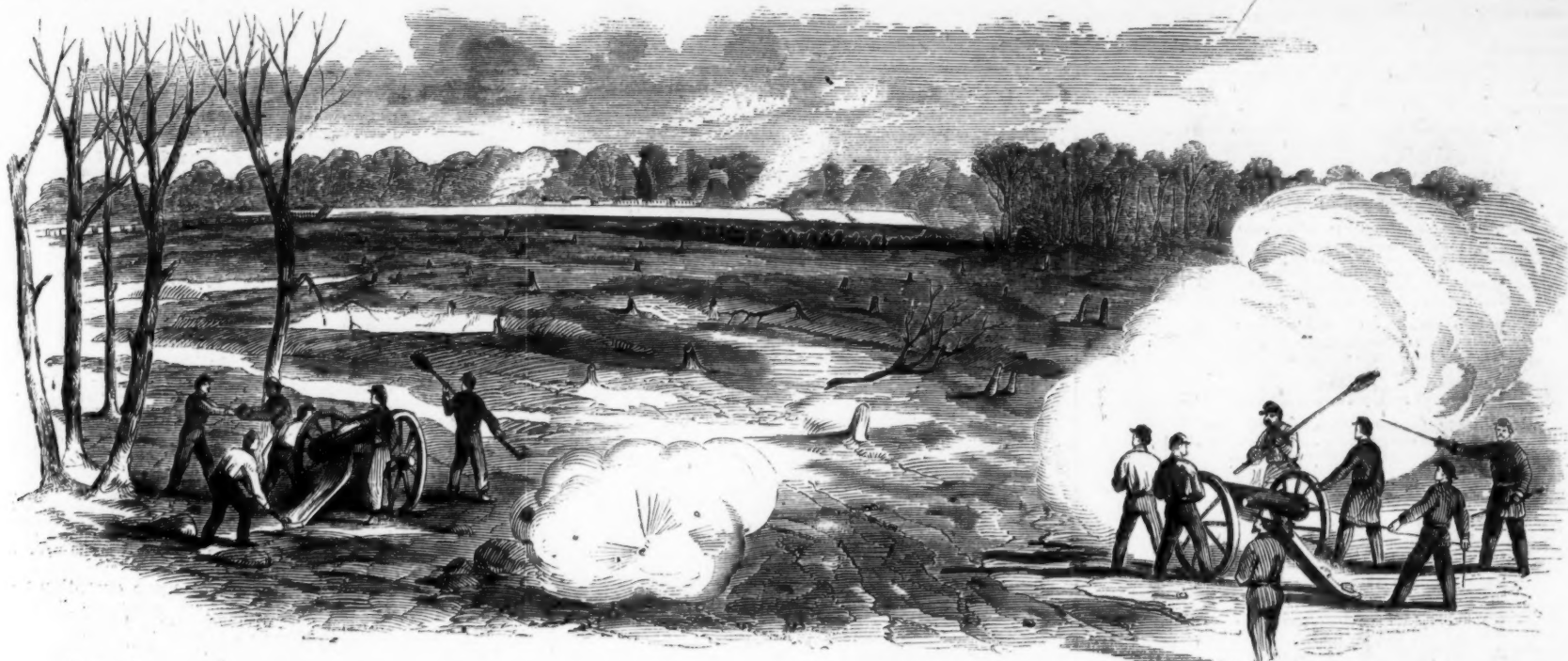
Talbot bowed, and stammered his thanks for the banker's cordiality. Aurora and her cousin Percy Floyd, the young Etonian, had gone down the steps, and were admiring Cap-



Earthworks on Hill.

Fortifications on Hill.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—ADVANCE OF THE UNION TROOPS, NEAR HOWARD'S BRIDGE AND MILL, FOUR MILES FROM BIG BETHEL, ON THE ROAD TO YORKTOWN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—MARTIN'S MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY, C, OPENING FIRE ON THE REBEL FORTIFICATIONS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO YORKEOWN, APRIL 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.—SEE PAGE 2.

tain Bulstrode's thorough-bred bays, and the captain was not a little distracted by the picture the group made in the moonlight.

He never forgot that picture. Aurora, with her coronet of plaits dead black against the purple air, and her silk dress shimmering in the uncertain light, the delicate head of the bay horse visible above her shoulder, and her ringed white hands caressing the animal's slender ears, while the purblind old mastiff, vaguely jealous, whined complainingly at her side.

How marvellous is the sympathy which exists between some people and the brute creation! I think that horses and dogs understood every word that Aurora said to them—that they worshiped her from the dim depths of their inarticulate souls, and would have willingly gone to death to do her service. Talbot observed all this with an uneasy sense of bewilderment.

"I wonder whether these creatures are wiser than we?" he thought; "do they recognise some higher attributes in this girl than we can perceive, and worship their sublime presence? If this terrible woman, with her unfeminine tastes and mysterious propensities, were mean, or cowardly, or false, or impure, I do not think that mastiff would love her as he does; I do not think my thorough-breds would let her hands meddle with their bridles: the dog would snarl, and the horses would bite, as such animals used to do in those remote old days when they recognised witchcraft and evil spirits, and were convulsed by the presence of the uncanny. I dare say this Miss Floyd is a good, generous-hearted creature—the sort of person fast men would call a glorious girl—but as well read in the *Racing Calendar* and *Ruff's Guide* as other ladies in Miss Yonge's novels. I'm really sorry for her."

(To be continued.)

RUINS OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE

Near Woodstock, Virginia.

AFTER the battle of Winchester the rebel army, under Gen. Jackson, retreated, first to Strasburg, a town about 18 miles from Winchester, and of which we gave a view in No. 337, and thence to Woodstock, about 10 miles from Strasburg, and 13 miles from Mount Jackson, the site of the rebel camp on the 28th March. Woodstock is a beautiful post village, the capital of Shenandoah county, Western Virginia, and is situated on the Valley Turnpike, one mile from the north fork of the Shenandoah River, 160 miles north-west of Richmond. The surrounding country is fertile and finely diversified. The village contains several churches, a newspaper office, and has about 1,600 inhabitants. In their flight from the battle of Winchester the rebels cut the railroad bridge,

in order to prevent the victorious Union troops from pursuing them to their camp at Mount Jackson, which is about 13 miles still further south-west. Our Artist has sketched the ruin as it appeared the day after it was fired.

COL. A. R. PORTER.

COL. A. R. PORTER, whose portrait we gave on page 396, was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, and is about 48

literal hallstom of bullets. On his return home he was offered the colonelcy of a cavalry regiment, and as another evidence of his popularity, within less than a week after he had made known his acceptance of this command seven companies had handed in their muster rolls, and the others filled up rapidly. This regiment is known as the 4th Iowa cavalry, and is now in Gen. Halleck's division.

SURRENDER OF THE REBELS AT TIPTONVILLE, Near Island No. 10, on the Mississippi.

In our recent numbers we have pictorially traced the progress of the great achievement on the Mississippi, from the planting of the mortar boats in position to bombard Island No. 10, and through each successive stage. We have now to complete our series with the crowning scene of that important event, the surrender of the rebel forces, under command of Gens. Mackall and Gantt, to that division of our army under Gen. Paine. The surrender was made at Tiptonville, Tennessee, where the defeated rebels had retreated after evacuating Island No. 10 and their other batteries. In our last paper, page 386, we gave Gen. Pope's official report of the surrender, and have now merely to recapitulate the victor's spoils: 11 elaborate fortifications, irrespective of minor batteries; 100 heavy guns; 80 pieces of field artillery; 5,000 rank and file prisoners; one Major-General prisoner; three Brigadier-Generals; 6,000 stand of arms; 56,000 solid shot, besides other ammunition, shells, cartridges, etc.; six steam transports; two gunboats; one floating battery of 16 heavy guns. In this enumeration we

omit equipage, wagons, horses, tents and supplies of war of all kinds.

Our sketch was taken at the moment when the rebel Generals delivered up themselves and their commands to Gen. Paine, who commanded the Union troops. Such was the fitting termination of one of the most singular feats in military annals, by which a position, considered impregnable, was captured, after a continuous resistance of 23 days, by the co-operating forces of Gen. Pope and Com. Foote, with the loss only of one man killed by the enemy, and 13 killed



Telegraph Operator's Tent. General's Tent. Buildings destroyed by Rebels.
THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. HEINTZELMAN, NEAR HAMPTON BRIDGE APRIL 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. S. HALL.

years of age. He removed from Kentucky to Illinois at an early day, and thence to Iowa, in 1836, and was a prominent member of the Territorial Legislature of the latter State during the years of 1838, 1841 and 1842. Since that period he has resided at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and was one of the very first, if not the first, to respond heartily to the President's call for volunteers to put down the rebellion.

He was elected Major of the Iowa 1st, and was a great favorite of that regiment during the almost unparalleled hardships of their Missouri campaign, and in all his rela-

tions with the lamented Gen. Lyon so won that noble soldier's confidence and esteem, that the General had made a request to the Secretary of War to appoint him a Major in the regular army. He, in connection with Lieut.-Col. Merritt, led the gallant Iowans to battle at Springfield, Mo., on the memorable 10th of August, 1861. Seven times the rebel hordes made desperate charges on the position held by the 1st Iowa, and as many times were repulsed with signal slaughter; and it seems almost a miracle that, when so many were falling around him, the major escaped unhurt. He was to be seen constantly dashing up and down the lines—a conspicuous target on his gray charger—cheering the boys on amid a



RUINS OF RAILWAY BRIDGE NEAR WOODSTOCK, VA., DESTROYED BY THE REBELS ON THEIR RETREAT FROM STRASBURG.



CANNON CAPTURED BY THE U. S. FORCES AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER, MARCH 23.

ALLUDING to the vast army now in Tennessee, Mr. Etheridge said, in his Nashville speech, that a lady asked a soldier: "How far back does your army extend?" "By —, madam, it reaches to the North Pole, and when I left two other brigades were trying to get in."

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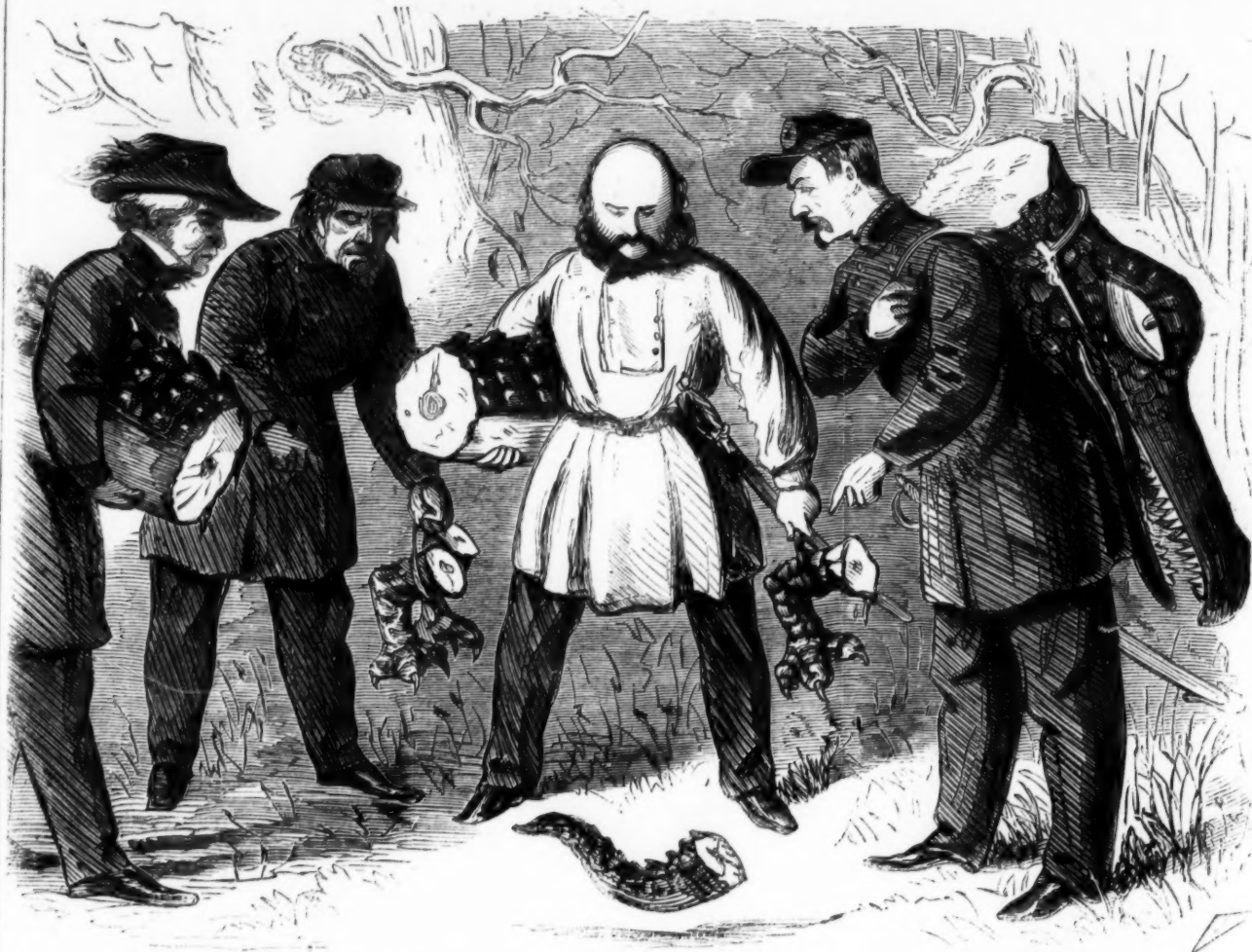
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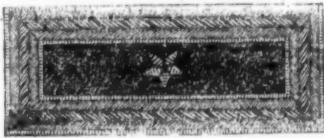
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